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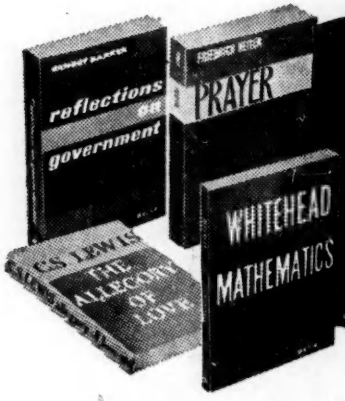

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ANTIOCH *the* REVIEW

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Editor's Shop Talk

One aspect of the American experience abroad not covered in this issue is the experience of small children. Space limitations and the difficulty of finding an eight-year-old expert with the proper background and vocabulary must be our excuse.

However, some of the possibilities of a study of this area were brought to our attention this fall when we overheard the seven-, nine-, and eleven-year-old daughters of a colleague of ours showing photographs of their recent European trip to a contemporary, a daughter of our own. Most of the travelogue was conducted by the eldest girl in matter-of-fact terms: "This is Venice . . . this is the Eiffel Tower . . . this is the ship we went on." The younger two travelers had little to add, but two comments were significant. Of a picture of the gardens of Versailles the seven-year-old said proudly, "That's the place where I threw up." And of a photograph of strollers in a Parisian park the nine-year-old said, "You know what? That man spoke to his dog in French and the dog understood him!"

Can it be that we see here some sort of dividing line? At seven the child is a citizen of the world; one place is much like another and what is important any place is the function of one's own viscera. But at nine one has grown; one is aware of cultural differences, at least among animals. And after ten one is a true traveler, a shower of snapshots, an identifier of places seen.

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Indexed in the
International Index to Periodicals

Irwin Abrams, the editor of this special issue, is Professor of History at Antioch. His interest in intercultural relations dates from the time when, as Training Director of the American Friends Service Committee, he organized their overseas work camp program after the war. Since then he has conducted shipboard education programs for the Council on Student Travel and under its auspices this year directed a ship-and-shore seminar to train American guides for the U.S. pavilion at the Brussels Fair. He helped organize the Antioch Education Abroad program and directs an orientation class for students enrolled for foreign study and a seminar for returned students; he catches them going and coming and is fascinated by every one of them.

Two other editors of the *Review* write from strange datelines for this issue. Paul Bixler (page 499) gives his impressions of Burma where last summer he began a two-year stint of library advising work at the University of Rangoon; we hope to have more pieces from him before his return. Erling Eng (page 506), who was on the Board last year, writes of the problems of settling down to live and work abroad from Innsbruck, Austria, where he is spending a sabbatical year of study and writing.

Another former editor is featured in Esther Corey's piece on page 510. The late Lewis Corey was a peculiar kind of American in a peculiar country at a peculiar time when, as Louis Fraina, he was a delegate to the Second Congress of the Comintern. The present essay is less a study of the American abroad than a minor example of Soviet historical re-writing. Bertram D. Wolfe's article (page 471) details some of the more major examples.

Illustrations are still rare enough in our pages to warrant special mention. Ed Fisher, who did the cartoons on page 420, first appeared as a cartoonist in the *Review* in the late forties while he was still a student at Antioch, and later he showed up as the author of an essay, "The Art Business Builds a Tower of Babel" (Spring, 1951). Since then his cartoons, noted for their social and political content, have appeared regularly in *The Saturday Review*, *Harpers*, *The New Yorker* (where he is a staff artist), and *Punch*. He recently spent a year in England at the invitation of *Punch* and recorded the reactions of Englishmen and Yanks to each other in a series of cartoons from which the present group is taken. His first collection of drawings, as yet untitled, will be published by Macmillan next fall.

Our next issue honors the centennial of the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and will examine such questions as: What is Darwin's legacy today? Where does evolution lead to now? Tentatively scheduled to provide answers are Theodosius Dobzhansky (genetics), W. Frank Blair (ecology), George E. Simpson (social anthropology), Robert E. Fitch (religion), and Harry Girvetz (philosophy).

The American Abroad: A Preface

By IRWIN ABRAMS

■ Americans have always been a people on the move, but never before have they moved out of America in such vast numbers—one per cent of our population now lives and works abroad and another million and a half persons travel abroad every year. Gerard J. Mangone suggests the tremendous scope of this movement in our leading article. Everywhere one turns in the public prints one finds traces of this migration. The popular weeklies feature it. Advice to the traveler takes its place in the dailies next to advice to the lovelorn. Art Buchwald's column written for the edification of Americans in Europe is widely syndicated in America. A much reprinted best-seller, *The Ugly American*, pleads in the thin guise of fiction for a new kind of governmental American abroad to outdo his Soviet Russian rival. The ubiquitous Denis Brogan turns up discussing the subject with the ladies in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*. And a new monthly appears overseas entitled *The American Abroad*.

This new phenomenon has incalculable effects on many facets of our national life. In this number of the *Antioch Review* it is our object to stress its significance and to present informed opinion on some of the problems it raises. There is no pretense of comprehensive coverage. Together with the five relevant articles, the reader will find that we have exploited the presence abroad of Paul Bixler and Erling Eng of our editorial board, while the book reviews, the art work, and even the fiction contribute to the discussion. We have also included the reflections of Bertram Wolfe on Marxism, on which subject Americans who go abroad all need to do some homework.

Perhaps the most important lacuna in our discussion is the problem of the involuntary American abroad. It is true that the American in uniform lives in compounds where everything is done to convince him that he never left home, but even in Germany, the

preferred foreign assignment because "You can live in America for five days a week and visit Europe on the week-ends," he is not untouched by the foreign environment. Every morning the Armed Forces Radio gives him his "German word for today," off duty he meets many more Germans than his well isolated Soviet counterpart, and his comrades even marry a large number of them. There have been frequent discussions of the impact of the G.I. on the local citizenry—we are familiar, for example, with the situation that gives rise to the current British quip, "If it were a *woman* in the moon, of course the Yanks would get there first!"—but there has been surprisingly little attention given to the effects of his foreign tour of duty upon the average G.I. Joe.

Another article still unwritten has to do with the effects of this movement upon everyday life in America. Studies of European influence have generally treated of our intellectual heritage or of the influence of immigrants or of the foreign sojourns of literati like those considered in Professor Barrows' review article. But what influence does today's American abroad have upon the American at home? What about that infinite mileage of color film exposed under a foreign sky? What about the picture post-cards from Uncle John doing the world in less than eighty days, the letters from Bill on military service, those wonderful things Mrs. Burke bought in Japan, and all the travel talks at the church which used to be a monopoly of the returning missionaries? Where did nearly half a million Americans acquire their taste for a foreign car? Are Americans really learning to like their vermouth straight, or is that merely the hopeful snob-appeal of the adman? Certainly there must be some connection between foreign travel and recent developments in the American wine industry. Ultra-patriots need not take alarm. We are not likely to change our way of life radically very soon. Still, American travelers are already bringing home much more than can be declared in their customs forms, and the "go-now pay-later" plan is about to move into the jet age.

Some light is thrown on this subject by Ithiel Pool's article on what the traveler himself learns from his experience. This question was raised as long ago as the first doughboy expedition to Europe in the popular song, "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" But few systematic investigations were

undertaken before the recent efforts described by Dr. Pool, himself a pioneer in this field.

One might have thought that colleges who have been administering junior-year abroad programs since long before World War II would have done more to evaluate the effects. But academic results were obvious and as for the rest, everybody knows that travel is broadening. Today undergraduate institutions have been tumbling over one another to get into the act. With all manner of patterns of overseas education emerging, it is all the more essential that the social scientists investigate just what happens to the students' values and attitudes. The studies reported here by Dr. Pool and by Ruth Churchill represent only a beginning.

One thing is clear. A successful experience for the American abroad, whether he is student, worker, or traveler, depends not only upon what happens to him there, but also upon the kind of person he was at home and the expectations he carried along with him. With the help of the behavioral scientists, colleges and agencies sending personnel abroad should now be able to do a much better job of weeding out the prospective failures.

What can be said about the kind of American who is most successful abroad? There are some important clues in the article by Dr. Mangone, who is associated with the new program at the University of Syracuse which trains for what they call "overseasmanship." Dean Griffith, who directs the recently established School for International Service at American University, has spoken elsewhere of six essential qualifications: (1) technical skill; (2) skill in speaking and writing English; (3) facility in foreign language; (4) "cultural empathy"; (5) objective understanding and affirmative commitment to American values; and (6) a satisfying personal philosophy. The "Ugly American" in Lederer and Burdick's story is successful because he has not only these qualities but also a certain skill in human relations. A group of conferees at Syracuse could identify this only as "Factor X." The reader may look for evidences of this indefinable quality in John W. Herring's account of technical assistance in Sardinia and perhaps between the lines of Erling Eng's description of how he became an American abroad.

On Dean Griffith's fifth point, Paul Conroy in our pages has much to say, based upon his experience in the Training Division of

the Information Agency. Governmental appointees must be prepared to interpret to foreigners much of what we take for granted at home and must be ready to meet anti-American criticism. The role-playing techniques which Dr. Conroy has developed for this purpose have been mocked by the Soviet *New Times* in an article entitled, "American Simpletons Abroad," in which it is maintained that the answers to the critic are carefully rehearsed and memorized. The canned answer may well be a part of the Soviet preparation for foreign assignments—indeed, the interview pattern of Soviet citizens abroad suggests that it is—but whether that is being done in Washington the reader can judge for himself after reading Dr. Conroy's report.

Even travelers with no official credentials but their American passports are likely to be challenged about "Leetle Rock." They would do well before leaving these shores to test themselves on Dr. Conroy's questions as well as on the conversational ploys used on Americans in Britain which Ed Fisher records in his cartoons.

We have it on the authority of Mr. Brogan that Americans are no longer "innocents abroad." They certainly are not if they follow the guidebooks which Priscilla Couillard samples for us. It seems that Americans leave for abroad with full information about everything from how to beat the airline weight limit to how to win at foreign exchange and where to find the prettiest girls. We can be too sophisticated, in fact, as Wilma Shore's Venetian tale suggests. It is curious that Americans are so much better supplied with guides to travel abroad than aids in the exploration of our own country. We have nothing like those admirable green Michelin brochures which introduce the traveler to the culture, gastronomy, geography, and history of regions of France.

In one sense Americans can be innocents abroad and profit from it. When the writer and his colleagues were training the two hundred young Americans to be guides in the United States pavilion at the Brussels Fair, after all the language drill, after all the lectures and discussions on European history and art, folkways and manners, after all the rigorous practice in Dr. Conroy's workshops, the best final advice that we could give was that they should be themselves. It wouldn't be a cardinal sin if they used the fork in the right hand or forgot a title. Much would be forgiven if they could relax and

be the frank, friendly, and open young people they were at home. A check-up at the end of the Fair with officials and more importantly with European friends who had visited our pavilion suggested that the guides themselves may have been our best exhibit. Their language skills had been crucial, both as indication of their respect for other peoples and as the indispensable means of communication. But their greatest contribution was to represent America by being what they were, personable young Americans of many backgrounds and colors, sincere, enthusiastic, conscientious, friendly.

Finally, what about the American on his return home? Dr. Pool shows how the traveler's report and even his memories will be colored by his audience. Here the colleges can lead the way, for they can influence the conditions of reporting and the retrospective reflections of their students. As Mrs. Churchill insists, what an opportunity is at hand for imaginative education. Carefully planned exchanges of varied experience can lead to the making of sound generalizations about the countries visited. Well selected readings calling upon the student's newly developed language resources can deepen his understanding of the foreign society. Uncritical thinking about national stereotypes can give way to a meaningful understanding of national characteristics. No longer culture-bound, the student is better equipped to explore new worlds of ideas, and the techniques he has developed to learn about a second social environment can be perfected for the next encounter or used to hold the mirror to his own.

Perhaps most importantly, the student can be guided in his rediscovery of America. Here the process begun before he leaves can be brought to fruition. In interpreting America abroad and in comparing it with other societies, he looks upon his own country in a new light. He begins to see not only what is common to all men, but what is special about America. To paraphrase Kipling, "What should they know of America, who only America know?" The student may have heard Germans speak of "the land of infinite possibilities," and he can be reminded of Whitman's songs of America's promises. He can be encouraged to test his vision of America against those of some of our perceptive visitors, Tocqueville, Lord Bryce, Siegfried, perhaps even the critics Ilf and Petrov and Simone de Beauvoir. We are all the children of immigrants, and the student

on his travels may have visited the land of his ancestors and be more ready to appreciate the saga of "the uprooted" and their role in building America. Perceiving his homeland from within more stable societies, the student may have become aware of the dynamite force of optimism which helped transform our continent.

All this and more the teachers of the traveled student can help him appreciate about America. But if they are wise, this fresh pride in his heritage will be tempered by a keener awareness of what Americans owe to others and what we still have to learn from them. And since the student will have seen some of our shortcomings magnified in the eyes of foreigners, he may be strengthened in a determination to give less cause for censor and to possess himself of new tools of social understanding. All this is in the realm of the potential. The foreign experience of the student *can* be nothing less than the most liberalizing of liberal educations.

What is this American abroad, this new man? How does he affect the wider world he inhabits? How does it in turn affect him? We are in the presence of a dynamic social movement with power for good and ill. The dangers of cultural conflict are obvious. But we have one world to win.

New Americans in Old Societies

By GERARD J. MANGONE

■ From Fukuoka to Accra, from Helsinki to Antofagasta, almost one per cent of the American population is now living and working in foreign countries. This unprecedented phenomenon in United States history, the product of an urgent decade of American overseas operations which carried the screeching eagle into strange lands and sometimes friendly peoples, has been meteoric and muddled.

Counting soldiers and civilians with their families, there are now about 1,600,000 United States citizens who pillow their heads on a foreign strand. American compounds, like the one in Tokyo, have menus which distinguish between United States vittles and "indigenous" food. But lots of bold birds from Massachusetts or Kansas are fumbling with chopsticks, sampling tamales with hot sauces, tasting eels, goat, or locusts, and drinking hot washes of Turkish coffee, Chinese tea, or Scandinavian schnapps.

The thunderous outpouring of Americans overseas has not been the concoction of government assistance programs alone. A couple of hundred thousand U.S. citizens, including wives and children, bunk in foreign countries for American business or missionary churches or philanthropic foundations, or a year of study and teaching. And they too wander through batik-clad Bandung or slit-skirt Taipei, meet Hindu, Swahili, or Guarani, house-boat on the Nile or gasp on mountain-high La Paz. This surge of overseas Ameri-

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GERARD J. MANGONE is Professor of Political Science at the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University and Associate Director of its research project, Education and Training of Americans for Overseas Service. In connection with this work he has recently traveled some 50,000 miles around the world, interviewing Americans working abroad and gathering the information and viewpoints which form the basis of this report.

cans, enough to have outraged senators William Borah or Hiram Johnson a generation ago is new, continuing, and dangerous.

Every day of this year an American abroad will be cracking the cake of custom. Borne by tides of good will (and dollars) the U.S. diplomat and technician, the preacher and the professor, the aid man and the ad man, are willy-nilly working to militarize, economize, and proselytize their foreign cousins. Some of these relatives, though agreeable to the aims, are truculent about the treatment. Americans who have new status, new temperaments, and new ideas have been thrust into old societies. And a mutual misunderstanding has often thwarted the very progress upon which Africans and Asiatics, Europeans and Latin Americans, and benign Uncle Sam seem to have agreed.

A major difficulty in the juxtaposition of Americans and foreign friends in the world lies in cross-cultural collisions. "After they get to know you," said an American doctor in Egypt, "your business associates may hug and kiss you in public. Villagers will kneel down and kiss your hand." To reject these overtures as "undemocratic" not only indicates ignorance, but may cancel the utility of the American for further collaboration.

While there is a tendency to exaggerate the cultural differences between nations, due to the tourist's penchant for the atrophied or the quaint, manners and morals do vary from one region of the world to another. A Latin may politely come to an eight o'clock dinner at nine; a Javanese, having courteously agreed to the same dinner, may not show up at all. But you can be sure that your Scandinavian friend will arrive on the dot of eight, very likely carrying a gift.

Generally speaking, where the American fails abroad it is not for lack of technical skill, but human relations. Religion, military aid, sewing machines, and health clinics are conveyed into foreign countries by people, by individual Americans sensitive or insensitive to local manners and morals. While everyone agrees that rudeness or indecency are undesirable in foreign operations, there is a surprising failure to appreciate that these qualities may relate to a particular culture. Sincere Americans ought to behave like Americans, reflecting the cultural milieu which has shaped their actions

and value system, but circumspection is essential to all human behavior, particularly when overseas. One young lady working for the United States consulate in Palermo, Sicily insisted on taking her nightly stroll alone, as she always did in Los Angeles, and then condemned Italian men as "degenerate" because they followed her.

Importing United States assistance in one form or another means importing Americans with their special manners and morals, their free association with the local population, and their personal articulation of American beliefs and practices. In its overseas operations the Soviet Union works from two advantages: first, Russian citizens sent abroad are carefully recruited and trained to represent the state; second, it makes flexible use of native Communist cadres, rather than Russians, within countries receiving Soviet capital, equipment, or propaganda. The voluntaristic society of the United States finds the Russian methods antithetical and undesirable, for democracy thrives on the self-regulation of the individual. To make American assistance effective requires individuals who have the self-control to moderate their behavior patterns in line with the society in which they live and the intelligence to perceive the inner logic of a system in which they must work. Backslapping does not go with Indian Brahmins. Quick bargains revolt Arab wazirs.

Personnel officers for government, business, or non-profit organizations will blandly agree that the thoughtless, ill-tempered American should not be sent to foreign assignments. Unhappily alcoholics, even severe neurotics, have slipped through the crude screening of applicants for overseas service. Most recruitment and training devices today fall far short of eliminating the narrow-minded or the self-centered. But the real difficulty often lies in ethnocentrism, in a failure to realize that what is proper, acceptable, and fair in one country may not be so in another. As the Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs in Ethiopia put it, "Americans don't realize that what they consider normal is irritating to others." And an hour later his junior colleague, pressed for an illustration, murmured, "Why do Americans pull out a jar of Nescafe and insist on drinking it in an Ethiopian restaurant—here where excellent coffee has been grown for centuries and today counts for half our foreign exchange?"

Illustrations of the ways in which Americans hamper their effectiveness in overseas operations by lack of cross-cultural under-

standing can be multiplied: the Middle Eastern agricultural aid man who cannot learn to say Muslim instead of Mohammedan; the salesman who insists on bringing his Vermont wife to late dinners with a group of Latin men; the young vice-consul in the Orient who treats elderly people there as he did in Chicago. But the illustrations should not be exaggerated. There is something to be said against being too well oriented to a country. In Jakarta a charming Javanese lady remarked laughingly, "The first Americans who came here were delightful, but lately many of them are so well schooled about Indonesia that we can't tell them anything about our country."

If any generalization can be made about the difference between Americans and some other peoples of the world, it may be suggested that in the United States procedure toward ends—legal, economic, and so forth—has been gradually depersonalized. Those societies which still cling to personal or hierarchical rituals out of tradition, religious beliefs, or esthetic symbols make little sense to the pragmatic American. Ceremonies, therefore, are often regarded by Americans as interesting, but not essential to the business at hand; delays in transactions seem inexplicable; and amazement dawns at the realization that practical truth may regularly be sacrificed to cannons of reverence and respect.

Few foreigners deny the good will of Americans nor, in general, their competence. But as Prime Minister Nehru put it one evening after a quiet cup of tea, "The American overseas is very friendly, but he is not receptive." Too often U.S. programs overseas—private or public—have overtones of "giving" rather than "getting." The man from Missouri must be willing to learn and receive what other cultures are proud to offer during the transaction. On Taiwan a wise Chinese, Cheng Tao-Ju, observed, "Americans must tone down their techniques and tone up their sensitivity to the human relations situation." Or, expressed more roundly by a dozen other denizens of the Asian hemisphere, "Why do Americans always ask the last question first?"

Literally ignorant of the meaning of class, the American with his direct speech, worship of creature comforts, and stress upon equality barges into quite different outlooks upon the world as he travels and works abroad. He has the underpinning of a Judaeo-Christian faith with its belief in monotheistic revelation, not to be

found among the Hindus, and a cult of personal responsibility, rarely evident among Japanese and tribal Africans. Yet this plain citizen from Des Moines or Dallas has been called upon to convince and convert alien peoples to other religions, other productive techniques, and other forms of administration.

The staffs of American embassies all over the world have been swollen by the new responsibilities of the United States in this decade. Apart from troops, a number of foreign countries are flooded with military advisors, economic advisors, education advisors, welfare advisors, and their administrative support. About 34,000 United States citizens draw their government pay checks in foreign posts. One illustrative part of these overseas programs is the dedication of Americans since 1950 to an official technical co-operation program.

Some faulty perspective inheres in the statement that the United States is "exporting" technical know-how to friendly nations. More correctly, all states at one time or another have "imported" foreign expertise when advantages accrued to the government. The United States and Russia are no exceptions. In 1777 Benjamin Franklin recommended to George Washington a Prussian officer, Von Steuben, who organized and trained the first United States army. Peter the Great brought Dutch artisans to Russia and Tsar Nicholas I, a little more than 100 years ago, commissioned American engineers to build and operate the arrow-straight railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg. Countries like Iran and Ethiopia have been importing foreign expertise for many years, long before the Technical Co-operation Act. While all forms of aid may be proferred, even generously with United States government funds, none of them will be effective unless earnestly wanted and imported by the foreign government.

Assuming, however, a will to import foreign aid, whether physical or spiritual, there is need to recognize that all such assistance is packaged by human beings. The point of contact between the aid extended and the aid accepted is a human relation. And this involves a comprehension of manners and morals before and during the exchange if the co-operative act is to have any effect.

New Americans in old societies frequently take much for

granted that they shouldn't. Zealous, but culture-bound, the U.S. aid man may assume an American economic-administrative structure and an American value system in giving advice. A highway builder gruffly ordered huge earth-moving equipment in an African country where an abundance of cheap hand labor was available in all seasons. He failed to reflect upon the availability of spare parts in case of breakdown of the machines or the absence of skilled mechanics. A public administration advisor expert loftily required steel desks and files, usual in the United States, for his office in a country where even the top civil service had to be satisfied with wood. To one American sanitation man it seemed right to dry up the water holes breeding malaria in certain Southeast Asian villages and pump fresh water into overhead cisterns. But he might have further inquired just how the pumps would be maintained over the years and how the buffalo, mainstay of the farming economy, were to slosh themselves in the tropical weather.

On the other side of the picture are countless Americans who have sensed the importance of adapting, not adopting, their techniques in a foreign environment. One soft-spoken public health officer from Alabama had been extremely successful among the Mexicans, working modestly in the background in a program developed by Mexican officials and voluntarily carried out on the village level by the villagers themselves. "I think my most useful function here," he said, "is encouraging these people to do what they really want to do. Some money helps. And some technical advice is useful. But mostly what they need from an American is encouragement." Thousands of miles away, on a different level, Hussein Ala, a former Prime Minister of Iran, said, "Americans sent abroad should be first-rate people at home, sympathetic, enthusiastic, and patient."

The recruitment and preparation of the Americans who are made available to foreign governments for one kind of assistance or another varies considerably. Trained agronomists, economists, therapists, or engineers are sought. Little time can be devoted to the more subtle sounding of human relations skills. Frequently subcontracts permit hasty methods and foolish choices of personnel for foreign assignments. A brief orientation pamphlet about a country scarcely conveys the innumerable frustrations that have made hun-

dreds of Americans—or their wives—throw up their hands in disgust or despair. More and more government "experts," however, are finding overseas careers outside the Foreign Service, moving from one tour of duty to another, often with doubled success. Most mistakes are made in the first tour of duty abroad and the misfits often eliminate themselves. But irreparable damage can be done meanwhile. Somehow tests of cross-cultural comprehension must be applied before the advisor reaches a ship or plane.

No group has had more experience with overseas operations than the missionary churches. Propagation of the Christian faith has changed considerably since the Crusaders sacked Jerusalem, butchering every Muslim and burning every Jew, or Pizzaro promised the Inca of Peru death by strangling rather than fire if he accepted baptism. For modern missionaries the problem of separating national interests from universal communion has proved troublesome and too often the overseas church has connoted European or American life rather than one brotherhood.

Even before World War II several American missionary churches were addressing themselves to the problem of eliminating cultural imperialism inadvertently applied to the service of God. The word "missionary" itself (Latin: to send) is losing favor and increasingly so-called "fraternal workers" are exchanged only by invitation of the indigenous church abroad. In the words of the United Presbyterian Church in the United States:

> Precisely because "Foreign Missions" succeeded, the term "foreign" is obsolete for the Church. . . . The whole human family confronts a common fate. God offers a common and universal redemption in Christ. Asia will no more be evangelized by the witness of Asians alone than America will be saved by an American witness alone.

About thirty thousand United States citizens, more than half of them women, are overseas in the service of some 300 religious organizations. Each year more than one thousand Americans depart to serve some church activity in a foreign country. In some countries, notably Japan, Indonesia, and India, there is a United Protestant Church, but generally the Episcopalians, Lutherans, and Baptists operate independently. Crowding the field of overseas religious work, moreover, are the aggressively dedicated denominations

such as Jehovah's Witnesses, the Seventh Day Adventists, and the Southern Baptists, dogmatic in faith and demanding in service.

The stereotype of the patriarchical, soul-saving missionary of the past has lost its line and color. While medical care and education are hardly new concerns of the religious propagandist, technical skills in a highly nationalist world serve as an important wedge for good works in foreign countries, help illustrate Christian living, and win adherents to the faith by proud example rather than forced conversion. The modern hospitals of the Seventh Day Adventists, for example, have gained considerable favor in Asian countries. Many churches in the United States now find places for agricultural experts in the villages of Asia and Africa where most of their time is spent upon productivity, harvesting, and marketing problems while contributing a fair share of their own hand labor.

Some observers abroad feel that technical assistance, not religious conversion, should be the prime activity of Americans active in overseas church work. The wife of a member of a U.S. aid mission in Jakarta remarked one night in a dinner conversation, "There are supposed to be about three million Christians in Indonesia. Isn't it about time that we left them alone? Do we have to keep sending them foreign missionaries in order to keep the spirit of Christianity pumped into them? If the Christian faith is viable at all, can't the three million Christians take it from here?"

Whatever the answers, theology alone will not suffice in the preparation of fraternal workers destined to serve in foreign countries. More stress today is being placed on technical assistance, but, as with government aid men, this implies a better screening for those personal attributes and skills which will span cultures. A number of pamphlets designed for prospective overseas Christian ministers and laymen stress the need for study in the fields of sociology and anthropology as well as intensive schooling in the apposite foreign language. But a 1957 survey of Protestants who had quit foreign service for one reason or another (915 answered out of 1771 questioned) indicated that 83% had had no training in cultural orientation and 77% had had no training in a foreign language.

Missionaries or fraternal workers proceed to their assignments with unusual dedication. Neither military alliances nor the profit motive hamper their relationships with the indigenous population;

however, Christian religious activity touches upon the most sensitive chord of a society, its supernatural belief. Even the simple channel of material aid and supporting personnel across the seas to fellow Christians of a foreign nation can raise resentment in communities where the Cross still represents an offshoot of Euro-American elites. And nationalist governments of Asia and Africa, now thriving on historical symbols, are cool to the further impact of a western religion. Such problems cannot be solved by a Christian nurse merely skilled in inoculating serum and convinced of the truth of the Bible. Along the whole front of overseas activity the American churches working abroad will need self-examination: on their spiritual goals, their material capacity, and the wise preparation of their personnel for an ecumenical mission.

American businessmen have had the capital and enterprise to venture into foreign lands since the days of the Salem clipper in China. But markets today can no longer be opened by two steam and six sailing warships as Commander Perry did in Japan in 1853. Not only are foreign markets limited by enforceable government regulations, but the procurement and processing of raw materials abroad must steer cautiously between the rocks of nationalism and the dollar profits which make private enterprise viable. Nevertheless, one hundred thousand Americans, including dependents, are overseas today due to the far-flung operations of United States business firims. Some of the best and some of the poorest illustrations of cross-cultural understanding are to be found in this group.

Contrary to the coarse image of the blundering businessman from Peoria who wears shoes in a mosque and calls Spanish ladies "cutie," some of the most knowledgeable Americans from Addis Ababa to Rio are to be found in the business community.

Experience in dealing with the public, particularly when trying to buy or sell something, cannot be overestimated. Many businessmen abroad have spent years in one region, pushing a product across a dozen intangible barriers such as the mood of the government or the mores of the people. Their contacts frequently span a larger community than the economics officer of the embassy or the visiting American professor at the university. And the human engineering skills demonstrated by modern overseas operations like the Creole

Petroleum Corporation in Venezuela or W. R. Grace and Company in Peru indicate the serious attention which business pays to its community relations.

More than 25,000 United States citizens work abroad for private American firms. These firms face not only the normal competition of the market for their products—worth approximately sixty billion dollars—but the handicap of being "foreign" enterprises. The resident American employees, moreover, acutely represent the overseas firm, and by their competence and conduct the integrity of the whole foreign operation may be judged. The problem is more pointed by the fact that large enterprises abroad often employ a small number of United States citizens: Firestone, International Harvester, Sears Roebuck, to name a few, each employ a little more than one hundred Americans overseas.

United States business executives are increasingly conscious of the need to select outstanding men for their foreign enterprises, but the success of individuals abroad has been spotty. Estimates about effective performance by business personnel who are employed overseas vary, for much depends upon the type of operation, whether permanent career or contract personnel are involved, and the location of the enterprise itself with its attendant facilities for housing, education, and entertainment. Nevertheless, the general washout rate seems to be high, wide, and expensive. Perhaps fifteen per cent of new people assigned abroad end in complete failure, either resigning, deserting, or called back home by the company. A much greater number either evade their contract or live out their agreement to a two- or three-year tour without making a useful contribution. Salary differentials, living allowances, and travel expenses often double the cost of American personnel to a business enterprise overseas. An American misfit abroad, therefore, is not only expensive to replace, but may do incalculable damage to the company's reputation.

Progressive American companies have already recognized that success in Detroit or Memphis may not spell success in a foreign country. Human relations factors weigh much more heavily in overseas operations; intellectual curiosity and cross-cultural comprehension which might count for little in certain kinds of American profit-making become important to personal and business life

abroad. As one dark-skinned Asian ruefully remarked, "In twenty years of association with American oil men, I cannot recall one who ever really learned the local language." More caustic remarks about the Babbitt mentality of business men abroad have been heard from almost every capital of the world. Heavy drinking, hell raising, and a closed circle of social hob-nobbing which might be part of an American corner bar or country club existence stands out shockingly abroad. As usual the horrible illustrations bury the calm, constructive work of the "old hands" who have affectionate, respectful foreign friends. But any sincere personnel manager will admit that there is substantial room for improvement in selection and training of all employees sent abroad.

Unfortunately American business today has virtually no training programs to prepare its overseas personnel for cross-cultural comprehension. Some recruitment programs stress langauge training or use hyphenated Americans with bi-lingual backgrounds. But there is a difference between a technical communications skill and a warm understanding of a foreign environment. Spanish-speaking Americans from Santa Fe or Albuquerque may be miserable in Mexico; the Arab dialect of a Syriac-American when used in the Middle East may not only grate on the ear, but betray an American superiority complex; ask some Japanese, after long acquaintance, what they think of the Nisei. Language *is* an important step toward cross-cultural understanding, but no guarantee of it. One group of Puerto Ricans wept at the departure of a kind, efficient American boss who knew very little Spanish. His replacement from New York was fluent in the tongue, yet turned out to be less successful in the overseas business, for, as the Puerto Ricans said, "True, he brought with him our language, but this we already had. We wanted something more."

Even the so-called "area specialist" has his limitations for a business enterprise. His interests generally are academic, rather than functional, and he tires easily of the drab details of the operation once the foreign flavor has lost its taste. One oil marketing American executive in French West Africa said, "Send me a business man who wants to learn about this region, not a specialist on the region who wants to be a businessman."

Whatever the happy combination of business techniques, lan-

guage training, and community relations skills required, clearly American enterprise has far to go in preparing its personnel for overseas operations. For the sake of that free enterprise which invigorates a democracy and has a crucial development role to play abroad, contributing its mite to United States foreign policy, American firms need to take a hard look at the personnel they will be sending abroad to represent them.

The disparity in wealth between the American and the people abroad with whom he works complicates the knotty problem of human relations between alien cultures. As a group and by definition all Americans abroad are rich. Some are just richer than others.

This candid observation has been greeted by a catcall of rebuke by lusty compatriots abroad from Tokyo to Addis Ababa and from Mexico City to Teheran. To be sure, the American mother overseas who must maintain and visit her children in a far-off United States college needs every cent of the family income. So do the husbands who have footed the high hospital bills, supported distant relatives, and suffered helpless property losses due to their absence overseas. And vacation periods for families and single Americans in remote corners of the world tend to drain off surplus savings.

Nevertheless, in countries where the annual per capita income is $237 (Japan) or $59 (India) even the normal income of a United States citizen places him in the category of the gods. In Europe he is only a demi-god.

An able technical adviser working for the United Nations in Mexico candidly admitted that he had expected to save $7,000 a year, but due to extraordinary expenses he only managed to put away $5,000 annually; an architect's wife in Indonesia, after listening to the groans of other American wives, said that her husband was earning half as much as he did in the United States, but that they were saving twice as much money as they did back home; a top-ranking United States economic aid specialist in Taiwan estimated that his return to a Washington post would lower his real income by ten to twelve thousand dollars a year. A U.S. information officer, without family, in southern Europe managed to live quite adequately on his overseas allowances, banking his entire salary. Moreover, many Americans overseas are reluctant to mention such

advantages as tax-free housing allowances or company-supplied quarters, post exchange privileges, income tax exemptions, direct deposit of United States dollars in American banks by their firms, excise-free luxuries like liquor, or especially favorable local currency exchanges.

Not all Americans abroad are so fortunate. Certainly the religious missionaries are exceptional. Jesuit missionaries, for example, are maintained on the average for about $1,500 a year and they receive no furloughs; the Southern Baptists estimate that they spend about $2,500 a year on a career missionary and his equipment. Moreover, the ability to save money in government, business, and other foreign assignments often has to be paid for by anxiety over health, poor climate, monotonous posts, and too many stupid cocktail parties.

Nevertheless, the creation of a class of high-living Americans, setting standards in both their personal and work-day lives far exceeding the norms of their host countries, is counterproductive to United States foreign policy. It is not unusual for a United States government or private grant to a young American student to top the stipend of the most distinguished local professor; or for a secretary-typist from New Jersey to spend far more cash in a foreign country than the local lawyers; or for a very junior Army officer to earn as much as the top career officials in some governments; or for an American business executive to earn three to four times the income of a citizen who holds a comparable executive position in the country. The inevitable result of this lopsided lucre is to create difficulties between Americans and their presumed foreign colleagues. Excepting the cream of the government and business leaders, many foreigners abroad are reluctant to invite Americans into their own comparatively poor homes. They lack the motor cars, the service, and the entertainment which Americans can easily afford. If they are not embittered by envy, they may withdraw from American contacts with modesty.

The image of himself cast by an American in such a society may be quite distorted. He is made smug by his apparent generosity in giving a twenty-five cent tip which, in a foreign country, may be an hour's pay; he drives a Chevrolet or a Plymouth like a lord in a country where one person in fifty or a hundred may own a

foreign car—and then a small one; he generally commands one, often a dozen, sometimes a hundred "locals," and practically never does he see an American subordinate to a foreigner. By the nature of his exceptional position overseas, it is most likely that the American either associates with other Americans or a select class of western-educated, rather rich foreigners.

To scale down living standards abroad requires imagination and equity. The problem of incentive to make capable United States citizens pick up home and family for a foreign clime worries recruiting officers endlessly. Nevertheless, the ostentatious use of wealth overseas endangers the goals of both private and public policies. The affluence of resident Americans, thoughtlessly flaunted in societies which are class-sensitive and cursed with a maldistribution of wealth, raises big, red marks of resentment among those peoples whom the United States seeks as friends.

Some methods of retaining income in the United States for Americans working abroad may be invented and wiser pay policies may mitigate the "big kill" incentives to foreign assignments. But the most immediate and useful control to be exercised over arrogant affluence will rest within the American himself, in his mind and spirit properly trained for an overseas mission. With a twinkling eye the Indian Minister of Transport, seated in his sunset-colored office in New Delhi, said, "The chief problem for an American abroad is not that he is on top of the world, but that he *knows* it."

It is somewhat fatuous to say that the United States is not intervening in other countries, changing their ways of life, and, however unconsciously, fomenting economic-social revolutions. Fiscal or commodity assistance programs are intended to improve economic conditions by exploiting resources, diverting entrepreneurial energies, and mobilizing manpower, all violent changes in a society. Standards of living, moreover, cannot be raised without the individual will to sacrifice age-old customs, to yield leisure for concentrated labor, and to compromise esthetics—as Dusseldorf, Birmingham, or Detroit will witness—for quick, cheap, comforts of the body. Little illustration is needed on how oil companies have changed Iraq or Venezuela, how the automobile and supermarketing will change Italy or Japan, how big American companies create big unions and big government everywhere. And the message of

God's grace immanent in Christ is hardly less incendiary than Promethean fire, whether carried to all nations by annointed priests or the more radical witnesses of man's direct communion with his deity.

American films, chewing gum, and Coca-Cola everywhere speak as shrill symbols of Main Street. But beneath the foreign veneer of rock and roll or imitation cowboys more serious changes in values have been inspired by the instant illustrations of Americans living and working in foreign countries. Ideas of equitable economic rewards and vertical social mobility infect foreign associates: the servants are "spoiled" by Americans; the students are magnetized by contact with American schools and churches; the business employees get used to American efficiency and American wages; soldier-civilian officials catch something of the hard purpose and soft idealism of the United States as they listen to American aid and information specialists.

Some Americans, either young or ignorant, speak breathlessly of the political-economic changes taking place outside Europe as something new, forgetting that more than thirty years ago General Jan Smuts of South Africa was saying at the British Imperial Conference:

> Our temptation is still to look upon the European stage as of first importance. It is no longer so . . . these are not really first-rate events any more. . . . Undoubtedly the scene has shifted away from Europe to the Far East and to the Pacific.

The protests of Latin America against economic imperialism were already in full voice; countries like Persia, Egypt, and Syria were then stirring violently for independence; and China was gripped by a fervent, organized national movement to unify and prosper as the foreigner was expelled. What *is* new about the rumblings of other continents today is the involvement of the United States in every one of them.

Liking it or not, Americans have been drawn into the universal upheaval. Since World War II the United States and the Soviet Union have been represented as two pillars of military support to almost every other nation and the epitomes of two ideologies, two possible ways of organizing a state for the good of its citizens. The United States will have to prove its case for peaceful change under democratic leadership, hardly easy in a half-hungry world fed on

the illusion of quick gain for all. Intelligent policies by American government and private operations which will bring about constructive changes overseas are therefore essential. Bribes or bargains which merely maintain the static order will surely earn nothing but the disdain of the young, strong, and hopeful in a foreign country.

Matched against this titanic task are the professors from Indiana or Michigan, the West Pointer, the Texan oil rigger and the Chicago salesman, the mild Protestants from Milwaukee or Hartford, the diplomat and his entourage of economists, publicists, and plain administrators. Not bred to be supermen and rather sceptical about elites of any kind, these people must rely on the everyday American education to reinforce their tenets of democracy and capacity for international work. It is enough?

The deficiencies of foreign language training in the United States have been loudly aired in recent months. College catalogues are amply stocked with course titles in area studies or international relations. Government agencies, missionary churches, and business firms seem pressed to re-examine their recruitment and training policies for overseas work. On balance, however, it is not enough. The American school curriculum, at all levels, has failed to match the sweep of American interests—political, economic, and cultural—around the world. Agencies like the Defense Department or the International Co-operation Administration are still fumbling with awkward recruitment techniques, partial training programs, and little evaluation in their overseas programs. Churches confess to the need for "an entirely new type of missionary activity to be developed alongside the traditional mode." And American business has gone no further than the most elementary preparation of its employees for living abroad.

New Americans will continue to exert their influence in old societies during the next decade since the United States must, for its domestic tranquillity, strive to shape a peaceful community of nations. Imaginative policies cannot soar beyond the pedestrian level of the Americans charged with overseas responsibilities. To them public attention must be directed. To them the United States must furnish the form and funds of education, winnowing out the morons and the maladjusted, cultivating the men and women who wisely bear the message of America abroad to where it is wanted.

On Giving a Good Account of Ourselves

By PAUL R. CONROY

■ Every American abroad is an ambassador of his country. Wittingly or unwittingly he contributes to the foreign image of the United States. With every passport it issues the State Department encloses a form letter from President Eisenhower informing the recipient that to all the varied peoples he may meet abroad, he will represent the United States of America—"you represent us all in bringing assurance to the people you meet that the United States is a friendly nation and one dedicated to the search for world peace and to the promotion of the well-being and security of the community of nations."

During the past few years it has been my job to help Americans prepare to represent their country abroad. While most of those with whom I have worked have been appointees of the United States Information Agency, I have also been concerned with the preparation of foreign service officers of the State Department, technical and economic experts, guides for the United States pavilion at the Brussels Fair, young people of the International Farm Youth Exchange, and numerous other groups. It is on the basis of this varied experience that I would make certain observations and suggestions to those Americans who would seek conscientiously to carry out the president's charge.

First of all, Americans must organize their knowledge of America. During the 1957 youth festival in Moscow Soviet youths exclaimed in surprise when they found their American counterparts inarticulate, "Surely, you must know your ideology better than that.

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There must be a better explanation than the one you have given."

It has been my observation that Americans know a great deal about their country, but we know it intuitively, almost instinctively. We have studied our history, learned the great principles of the founding fathers, and considered some of the major political and constitutional issues of the past. But there have been no ideological differences among us in our recent history, and we have not had to think of these matters in the context of a great debate. They are part of our everyday life, repeated in sonorous terms on national holidays and during political campaigns, but we have not been called upon to explain them to skeptics. When we try to communicate the ideas behind our philosophy of life and the evolution of our institutions to a foreigner, all too often we find ourselves tongue-tied.

Although the appointees of the Information Agency are generally persons with broad education and experience in such fields as journalism, radio, motion pictures, education, and cultural affairs, we have found it necessary to begin their training with a short intensive review of American history. It is, however, American history with a difference. By stressing the kind of questions which the foreigner asks, we lead the trainees to consider things that Americans generally take for granted. How did you achieve your great industrial development? Why are Americans so interested in gadgets? Why the waste in American society of tearing down perfectly good buildings and throwing away perfectly good machinery? Why do you have to have homes for the aged? How is it that your ministry of education cannot control your schools? Why is there no significant ideological difference between your major political parties? Why do you have only two parties? How is is that the president's party in the Congress may oppose his policies at times? And dozens of other such questions.

We have found that our trainees respond to such an approach with interest and enthusiasm. It serves to bring into focus the intuitive knowledge which already resides in their minds, and with remarkable rapidity they soon become adept in explaining the historical influences in our society which help answer the questions. Moreover, they often remark that in the process they sense a genuine thrill of rediscovery of America. Parenthetically, our experience has highlighted the great need and opportunity for American historians

to pioneer in interpreting our past from a world point of view. As more and more Fulbright scholars and exchange professors are called upon to lecture to foreign audiences on American civilization, there is ample stimulus to bring our history out of isolation.

As I have watched Americans taking a new look at ourselves and how we grew, I have been impressed with their deep and burning interest in this theme. We *are* interested in ideas. Americans may be temporarily inarticulate when asked to explain what they mean by freedom, or democracy, or the equality of man, but a little prodding elicits a rewarding discussion of these concepts and what they mean to us. These great ideas are not put away on parchment; we live them and struggle to attain them and we can think about them and explain them pretty clearly when we realize that it is important for us to do so. American humanism is a fact; ordinary Americans can be goaded into expressing it positively and with universal appeal.

But are we not already being accused of arrogant flouting of our belief in our own superiority and of colossal bad manners? Would not an emphatic affirmation of the values of American life just serve to convince others of the validity of these charges? Obviously, how we say it is just as important as what we say. It is not enough to have a clear concept of the message. Communication, after all, is an art. And since any art usually requires practice in the skilled application of sound techniques, it is better if the practice is guided rather than haphazard. This brings me to a discussion of the methods which we have found to be useful in the Information Agency in helping Americans to give a better account of themselves.

The role-playing device we have used to bring trainees face to face with anti-American criticism has been reported in our own press and distorted in the Soviet press. It actually lends itself to wider use and may be worth describing in some detail.

In the Training Division of the Agency a small group of persons preparing for overseas service meet regularly with me and others. One of them is invited to join us in front of the group, and the scene is set in the country to which he is assigned. We are the questioning nationals of that country, and the occasion is either a press conference or some less formal gathering. We try to keep the situation as realistic as possible, misunderstanding his American

colloquialisms, expressing irritation at any patronizing remarks, and responding warmly to an expresssion of genuine interest and reasonable discussion of the problems we raise. We may be sincerely asking for information, or at times we may play the part of anti-American needlers, or even that of aggressive Communist agitators.

The questions we use are current, drawn from news developments or from common criticisms of America in the given country. To these are added the perennials: why do you hate the Negroes so? why are you so materialistic? why is the level of your culture so low? why is juvenile delinquency so prevalent? why are there so many divorces? why do you keep the Indians in concentration camps? why is your government such a threat to world peace? A large group of additional questions probe for an explanation of American foreign policy in various areas of the world.

The first time the trainee encounters such questions he all too frequently displays his ignorance by lamely conceding the points of criticism or by trying to bluff his way through, only getting into deeper and deeper water. He may try to play safe with laconic and non-committal answers which actually arouse suspicion as to his mission in the country. Or he may be overly defensive and allow the "nationals" to push him from one embarrassing admission to another. Worst of all, he may become emotionally argumentative and make statements which give the questioners more ammunition against him.

When the conversation has gone far enough to illustrate the point, it is broken off, and the whole group engages in a post mortem. Every trainee has identified himself all along with the American representative, second-guessing him at each exchange of views, and now the issues are discussed while they are hot. It is a down-to-earth experience for all concerned, and the trainees emerge from the discussion with a keen incentive to study both the problems of America and those of the country of their assignment so as to do better next time.

In additional sessions, the trainee becomes more skilled and the "nationals" become more and more difficult. In the later stages we apply as much pressure as he can take, even becoming more cantankerous and offensive than any national he is likely to encounter. Thus on the job overseas he will gain more confidence when he

discovers that the simulated conversations he learned how to handle were far worse than anything he now faces.

Few American travelers will be submitted to such vigorous baiting. Even so, certain inadequacies revealed by our trainees in these practice sessions may not be untypical of other Americans interpreting their country abroad and can be identified and guarded against.

Many of our trainees are so eager to launch into their explanations that they rarely try to find out what is really in the critic's mind. For example, an opening gambit asserting that Americans have no culture will often elicit an immediate defense of American culture in general. A mild question as to what aspect of culture is meant would make the discussion a little more concrete and give the conversation a friendlier tone. Questions can be used to show that the American has respect for the opinions of others and this can lead to a genuine exchange of views instead of a fruitless debate.

A second inadequacy exhibited by our trainees may be something of a national trait. Most Americans seem reluctant to introduce the personal into the conversation and prefer to talk in broad generalities. Perhaps this is because we come from such diverse backgrounds, sectional, national, and religious, that we instinctively avoid in discussions the personal differences that would divide us. And when talking with foreigners none of us wants to set himself up as typical of American life. Yet it is just by drawing on one's personal experiences that one can make the discussion less fuzzy and even less argumentative. What one has seen, felt, and experienced is peculiarly his own and at the same time more precise and less subject to exception than the broad generalization. While certainly the experiences of one person cannot be regarded as the American way, they can provide a personal, human start toward the more general discussion, and the start is made on solid ground where you have no doubt about the facts. This approach is all the more important because other peoples are more accustomed than Americans are to discussing issues in personal terms, and they often feel that our reluctance to follow suit is another sign of our standoffish attitudes.

When in our training sessions we ask very personal questions, the trainees at first are invariably nettled. But they gradually shed

their inhibitions and come to use this approach themselves. Some of our most useful discussions of the racial question have often started with the trainee talking about his own experiences in school, at work, in the armed services, or in his social life. Even conceding that these may not be entirely representative, it is more meaningful to relate the changes in the social conditions of the Negro that one has observed in his own lifetime than to recite a series of imposing statistics. Furthermore, the individual who can rattle off statistics at the drop of a hat is almost at once typed as a professional propagandist. Even if he is a professional propagandist, he certainly does not want to underline that fact.

The personal approach can also be used to bring into proper perspective American difficulties which really reflect universal human problems. Too often the trainee will accept without question the implication that Americans have a monopoly of some human failing, such as racial or religious prejudice. One wonders if this is because we like to feel unique even in our shortcomings. Actually, to share a problem can establish a real bond of communication. I well remember the remark of a teacher in Mexico City: "We liked you Americans much more during the depression and during World War II when you had problems and talked about them. Somehow you seemed more human then, but now you give us the impression that you have all the answers. You don't seem to be looking for anything more." (After sputnik, the same person told me that this event made us seem less insufferable, but that our apparent panic about it was profoundly disturbing.)

Of course, we have to establish firmly the distinction between the shared human problem and the invidious comparison, which is likely to snap the rather tenuous bond of communication which one hopes to nurture with others. I recall listening with growing dismay while an American extolled the virtues of the two-party system in the United States to a group of Mexicans, with occasional remarks about the political backwardness of a country in which there is only one important political party. Finally, there was a chance to seize the opportunity to mention that for some twenty-eight years after the first election of Jefferson his party for all practical purposes was the only effective one. One may be sorely tempted to fling back India's caste system at the Indian who chides America about the

status of the American Negro, and there may be a malicious sense of triumph when he is hurt or angry, but is this proper representation of America or of oneself?

A third inadequacy is one which De Tocqueville noted over a century ago—our lack of patience. Often in our practice sessions in the face of some patently unfair attack on America our trainees are unable to contain themselves. We have to tell them that righteous indignation may have its place, but never when there is a real loss of control.

Sometimes the trainees impatiently chide us with advocating a "defensive" strategy when everyone knows that a good offense is the best defense. Actually, the determination to overcome the opponent at all costs may really be defensive, reflecting a feeling of insecurity in one's own position. The great philosophers conscientiously sought to state the position of their opponents in the best light of which they were capable. Exhibiting impatience, indifference, or a patronizing attitude is an "offensive" offense. We try to drive home by experience the realization that one's tone and manner communicate just as much as, or more than, the words themselves. We try to make it clear that mere technique leads one into a treacherous morass. People know when they are being patronized and they are only antagonized by the false face of simulated friendship. Over and over we try to demonstrate that the best offense requires first of all that you convince the people with whom you want to communicate that you are genuinely interested in them.

Gradually trainees realize that a "yes—but" attitude toward the critic does not mean compromise with error. A statement that there is another point of view, followed by a firm comment that you cannot agree with it for given reasons is often advisable. And a forthright statement of the national interests of the United States may command more respect than what may sound like insincere preaching of disinterested internationalism. But always the right of the other individual to his point of view must be respected. The temptation must be resisted to file the critic in some such neat category as anti-American or pro-Communist, to question his motives, thereby surrendering prematurely and writing off any chance of communicating with him as just a person. Respect for an individual under trying circumstances is the final test of patience. It can be a

bitter one, but its cultivation is essential if one is to be a fitting representative of himself and his country.

Impatience at this point can have serious consequences. Since one has to assume in the normal course of events that anti-American propaganda is being conducted skillfully and efficiently, it follows that there will be a considerable bloc of people who will be influenced by it and who will accept at least a portion which seems to them plausible. To react to their criticism with hurt impatience, by insisting that Americans have made no mistakes, and by refusing to meet them in the give-and-take of discussion, is to give our foes a powerful assist. When we pin the label Communist on groups who may only have been influenced by the Communists, our impatience may result in changing Communist influence to Communist control.

It is not only our impatience that is at fault here; it is also our abysmal ignorance of Communism. Again and again in our role-playing sessions we have found that even Ph.D.'s in the social sciences were unable to detect the Communist line when it was presented to them by a person playing the role of a moderately trained Marxist dialectician. It is really alarming to find it so incredibly easy in the role of a Communist to secure acceptance of the party line so long as it is not labelled as Communist. The trainees are stirred by these role-playing sessions to study the theory and practice of Communism, but despite the prodding of the role-playing, they display a reluctance to spend any time on the positive side of the Communist system. They are impatient—"just give us an easy refutation of Communism and have done with it once and for all."

Here, again, the trainers must resist patiently, just as they have to resist the repeated demand that canned answers be handed out to anti-American criticism. Painfully, one must come face to face with the central fact of free humanistic society, that there is no canned answer to anything. The answer must be the individual's; it must flow from his mind and will and soul. No one can hand it to him; all we can do is help him in his struggle to achieve it. We do not begin the fight for the right to attain the free mind by subverting the mind of the fighter. Every man must work out the answers for himself, because he is a man, not a machine. His study

of Communism helps him because he comes to realize how man under such a system can be reduced to a machine, and how his mind can become a plastic receptacle for the ideas the system chooses at a given time to feed it. Remorseless, steady pressure in the regime of the seminars and the role-playing sessions can get a person started on the continuous effort required of the free man who must represent himself and his society well. Realization of the devotion and sacrifice of millions to the Communist system often helps fan the spark of faith in the free man, and humanistic dedication to the ideals of the good society emerges. This dedication, of course, is not that of a fanatic; the free mind concedes that it has not all the answers nor all the truth, nor any patented pipelines for the truth, but it is dedicated to the search for more and more of the truth and its utilization to make the opportunity for the good life available to more people.

Odysseus

By W. ARTHUR BOGGS

I wonder at the tales he told,
Incredible they must have seemed:
The lotus' land, the Cyclops' stones,
The bag of winds, the midnight sun,
Enchanted swine, Apollo's cows;
But most of all I wonder what
Penelope was musing when
With anguish in his voice he told
The story of Calypso's isle.
With quiet smile might she have thought,
"The rest are lies, but this rings true!"

W. ARTHUR BOGGS teaches English at Portland (Oregon) State College and the Extension Center. He has had approximately one hundred poems in a variety of papers and magazines.

The American in Britain

Cartoonist Ed Fisher enjoys the distinction of having his sophisticated comments on the current scene enjoyed by readers on both sides of the Atlantic. His friendly kidding of our British cousins in these cartoons, which first appeared in Punch, *tellingly illustrate some of the common conceptions of American visitors.*

"The vital decisions are all made in Washington. We're just a backwater; a charming, urbane, overcivilized backwater."

"I imagine you must feel like a Roman among the Athenians."

All cartoons © Punch

"Like a little ice in it?"

"You know, if your State Department finds out you've been talking to people like me, you'll lose your passport."

"What d' you think of our Parliament—silly, isn't it?"

News on the Rialto

By WILMA SHORE

■ We saw it Saturday when we came down for breakfast; a pale green throw-away, stacked on the concierge's desk in the lobby. "*Comune Di Venezia,*" it said; "*FRESCO NOTTURNO IN CANAL GRANDE. Concerto Sulla Galleggiante.* 17 *Agosto* 1957."

Of course we saw through it at once. Not that my husband and I are particularly shrewd; but we're American, and Americans have a kind of shell of cynicism. They need it; after all, they're the natural prey of the world's greatest advertising industry.

And it was such obvious tourist-bait. Concert on Illuminated Barge, indeed; and with a *soprano,* a *tenore, baritono* and *basso,* a *Direttore D'Orchestra* and *Maestro Del Coro.* Then came the *Programma*; eight vaporetto stations where the barge would stop and the arias that would be sung at each. The vaporetto is the public transportation of Venice; it runs up and down the Grand Canal, zigzagging across from station to station. It was just so *unlikely*; as if the City of New York were to announce a Cool of the Evening on the I.R.T. Subway; Concert on Illuminated Bronx Express.

My husband took a throw-away in to breakfast; he takes anything printed. He is addicted to printed matter as some men are to drink. Over his coffee he read excerpts from the four-language blurb on the back. "The characteristic feast of the 'Cool of the Evening' . . . originates from two traditions: the first is that of nocturnal serenading in the Canal, the second is the age-old habit of Venetians to take a gondola trip in the cool of the summer evenings along the Grand Canal to refresh themselves after the heat of the day. . . ."

WILMA SHORE's last story in the *Review,* "A Cow on the Roof," was included in *The Prize Stories, 1958: The O. Henry Awards.* The present story is part of a longer work based on a recent trip abroad.

"You *see!*" I said. "They don't even claim it's traditional. Just that it *originates* from tradition."

But he was fascinated by the prose style. "Gondolas and watercrafts of every description crowd about this floating platform, while an immense crowd throngs the waterfronts and Canal banks to listen rapturously. . . ."

Once you've heard the voice of the Chamber of Commerce you can recognize it anywhere in the world. Particularly in *Agosto*, the month of the tourist. Still we thought we should just *ask*; what could we lose from just *ask*ing . . . ? "Oh, very beautiful, very lovely," said the concierge. Predictably. "You must reserve a gondola." He leaned across his desk and pointed his pencil at the open door and, beyond, the tiny rectangular inlet where three leaning gondolas waited like cabs in a cab stand. "We can arrange that one comes for you. Seven thousand lire, the entire evening. If you share with others," he added, sensitively, "three others, it cuts the cost. . . ."

So much for the Fresco Notturno in Canal Grande. We thanked him politely and went off to spend the day wandering through the twisting Venetian streets which, too narrow for the sun, hold the damp, cool, dishrag smell of a public bathhouse. But what about the evening? We had to do *some*thing; why not walk back to the Rialto for a look at the enraptured tourists? Just a short look, since it was familiar territory. . . .

But it wasn't familiar; none of it; not even the bridge that we had seen in a million pictures, stepping up and up over the Canal, down and down to the other side. They had lit it a strange, terrible blue, like something from another world; they had festooned the waterfront with glowing yellow globes that turned the crowd golden, and the faces of the people clustered so grimly about the tables. All those tables! The cafes had miraculously proliferated. And the flowered silk dresses, the bare shoulders—where were the binoculars and shoulder-strap bags, the seersucker and drip-dry? Could these be *Italians*?

We looked at each other uneasily. Maybe we ought to hang around and catch a couple of arias? The other side might be less crowded; we headed toward the bridge. All along the landing the heavy work boats lay side by side in the water like patient horses in their stalls; the long, ungainly canal boats that slide all day between

the crumbling palaces, carrying beds and tables, wine bottles, oranges and macaroni. But now they were hung with green boughs, strung with little paper lanterns, and they had as cargo two facing rows of wooden chairs. Boatmen stood shouting at the water's edge, making little eddies in the crowd. One hailed us: "Signor, Signora! Do you wish to ride in a barca? For fourteen hundred lire, a good ride!" With a wave of the hand toward his boat, empty except for three little people at the far end.

It was gracious, more like an invitation than a come-on. We smiled as we made our halting apologies; he smiled back, with a sudden glint of gold, and we went on. Charming! But now there was something wrong. We felt somehow lost; empty, somehow. And even as we pushed across the bridge we had begun our own marital pas de deux, each one in turn moving forward and back: after all, it's only two dollars; I don't care, but if *you'd* like . . . gingerly advance and craven retreat: after all, it's our only chance; but the chairs do look uncomfortable. . . . Until we found we had, at some undefined point, decided.

We turned and elbowed our way back, full of sudden panic; what if we were too late for *our* boatman, our friend, who had invited us? He had had three passengers already, maybe his barca would be gone. . . . When we found him it was like a blessing, a go-ahead from Fate. Breathing heavily, we paid him fourteen hundred lire and he handed us in.

There were still only the same three people, in the far end, just before the little deck where the boatman stands; two women, one quite young and smart, and a man. They smiled and nodded, we nodded and smiled, wriggling nervously on the hard little chairs; the die was cast, we were ready for anything.

But there was nothing. Only the gentle rocking of the boat, the tiny ripples whispering against its hull, the smell of wet wood and wet rope, the sour smell of land-locked salt water; the shifting golden faces of the crowd, far away on land.

We waited. The man showed me where to put my bag, warned me not to lean against the tarry wooden piles of the dock. He was happy; he gave off a steady glow, like a good charcoal fire. When we had language trouble the smart young woman translated. We waited some more. After a while we were joined by a silent young

man with a crew cut. Then a family; a girl around twelve, a spectacled father and a little mother in proper, renunciatory black, like a chimney swift.

Other boats were already moving upstream, those watercrafts of every description; the shaggy workhorses on holiday, like ours, and the thoroughbreds, the lean, black gondolas. We watched them pass. And finally our boatman carefully handed in three enormous ladies; we rocked uneasily, and the little mother opened her tiny bill in a burst of loud, clear laughter. It is against our principles to laugh at fat people, but we laughed too.

The barca beside us cast off, its two long rows of faces pale and merry under the swaying lanterns. We glanced at our watches. Absurd! It couldn't *possibly* end before we were under way. Why worry?

But we had left our shells somewhere on the Rialto bridge; we were exposed, vulnerable, quivering.

A large family group, a young couple, two more Wagnerian ladies; more laughter from the little mother. "*Now* we're full," I said; but no, we moved still closer and another two chairs were somehow wedged in. The happy man's Italian thigh lay companionably beside mine, the little mother's Italian knees, demure under black silk, rubbed against my orange cotton, crease resistant. The Canal was thick with boats. All Venice was on the move, except us. I calmed myself with a child's elaborate logic: we have so many Italians on board, and this is their country, surely *their* God won't let *them* miss it. . . .

And sure enough, another couple came; and with much calling and throwing of ropes we were really off, really on the water; we slid out into the crowd of boats, all heading up together like a school of fish. *Our* boatman was far back in the stern; in the prow stood a young man with wide light eyes, broad cheekbones, a half open mouth; a simple, almost a foolish face. Each had one heavy oar resting in a high wooden bracket. They pushed in steady, accustomed unison, and we went right under the terrible blue bridge and swiftly up, past the crowds that waited on the landings and the bridges, in the windows and balconies. The night was an elegant velvet black, spangled with the barcas' lanterns, the glow-worm flicker of the gondola lights. We sat back in our hard chairs and

held hands expectantly, proudly; what a glorious, fearless thing we had done! What a marvelous, decisive couple we were, really!

First came the floats, towed past by motor boats; each bore a picture worked in light and a sponsor's name. The man beside me explained; it was a competition. Immediately we all became judges. The little mother turned right around in her chair to scrutinize each one conscientiously. There was a Chinese scene, a garden of flowers, and a *copa*, a big red goblet, over the name of a glass-blowing firm. Oh, we had high standards; the motionless *copa* passed in silence, we saved our applause for the fountain that really bubbled. "*Bella!*" cried the mother. But the spider was the best, a brilliant red spider crouching at the center of a blue web; a white fly appears near the edge, the spider darts out to catch it. Suddenly it all disappears; blackout. "*Bella! Bella!*" Everyone claps and cheers; it starts over again. They explained it to us: "*Il ragno prende la mosca*," speaking very clear and loud, as though to push the words right through our skulls. And again the spider made its run. "*Bella! Bella!*" With the L sound firmly held, the throat well open; this was Italy, not England where the voice, like all the physical functions, is held in disrepute.

Then the floats were gone; still we went up, up, through the narrowing Canal. The boats drew closer together. The balconies seemed to hang directly overhead, and the houses, closing in on either side, had bitten off the edges of the black sky. And suddenly around a bend appeared a great, glowing dome, all green, yellow and white. It floated silently, majestically toward us; like some magnificent manifestation of nature, the rainbow, the Northern lights. No; more like magic, which is controlled, symmetrical, consciously designed to make the eye widen, the breath catch in the throat. But why *our* breath? Americans teethe on prodigal display, on lavish illumination; to Americans, magic is cliché. And it was nothing, really; I saw it the next day, standing abandoned in the sunlit Canal, a big platform with strings of dead, opaque globes hanging down over it like the withered leaves that cling in winter to a summer trellis.

Perhaps it was the night. Or the water. Or that we had no shells. . . .

It slowed and stopped. All the boats drew in and in; and still

the boatmen pressed, even when they were gunwale to gunwale, even when it was like a pontoon bridge you could have walked from shore to shore; you could see every face in every boat, hear every bright, clear word. Then the first note sounded; and silence fell. Suddenly, tangibly almost, like a concrete thing; more than just the absence of sound. The boatmen stood motionless at their oars; only their eyes patrolled the barca. During the second aria a lantern in the next barca caught fire; the boatman leaned over the bowed heads of his passengers and crushed it out in silence between his bare palms.

The music came from nowhere, the way the night breeze comes from nowhere, and the darkness. "*La Vergine degli Angeli*," said the *Programma*; from *Forza del Destino*; (*soprano, basso e coro*). You felt it spreading out and out, forever.

When it finished there was a little flash of silence and then a great thunder of applause from the boats, the landings, the windows. And all at once the swarm of boats began to move back downstream, and although we were still touching we were separate, one boat from another, those on the water from those on land. And everyone was jockeying, holding back, maneuvering to stay closest to the magnificent, absurd *galleggiante* which followed. It was a traffic jam; but nobody swore or even shouted; the boatmen worked in silence, side by side. Now our end of the boat had become the stern. Our passengers commented on the music; they discussed *Barbiere di Siviglia* as familiarly as I would "God Bless America."

The barge could barely move; it towered over us like an illuminated marshmallow cookie, so close that we could make out the black figures lounging in front, could see behind the globes the head and neck of the bass viol. And then suddenly there was a splashing; the police, on their sleek launch, were driving the boats forward with a hose, whipping it from side to side the way you would wash leaves down a garden walk. The stream leaped, glistening, and fell heavily, breaking the surface of the Canal; where it struck a fountain sprang up. When it came near the sharp white drops would fizz toward us, and our boatmen would push and strain, frowning; but we could go no faster than the boats ahead of us. The whip came dancing, lashing, splashing; it broke the water behind us and the fountain sprang into our boat.

Immediately, as though repentant, it jumped away; but we set up a terrible howl, a wild chorus. After a few bars the man beside me rose for a solo; a recitatif, agitato, fortissimo. "*Cittadini!*" he cried; "*Cittadini!*" We are citizens, citizens! He made it a proud and important word. The police stood and called back soothingly. In dignified triumph he sat down and we paid him the tribute of an indignant mutter while he wiped his face and neck with his handkerchief and the little mother lifted and spread her drenched feathers. And we might have missed all this; might have been sitting passive and silent in our own separate gondola, alone with our own American thoughts.

After that the police drove us with shouts. "*Avanti! Avanti!*" Urged us, rather; begged us; coaxed us by name: "*Avanti! barca!*"

But the Canal had begun to widen, there was more and more room; and at last the barge moved out in front. Now we could see that it towed its own private audience behind it, sitting as neat and calm, clapping with as straight lines of fluttering palms, as if they were in a proper concert hall, instead of on a platform in the middle of the Grand Canal. And after them came another great swarm of boats. Now there was space for each boat to make its own way. When we stopped there was room for the ice cream boat and the beer boat to come up alongside, instead of passing the cones and bottles from hand to hand; and to stay until the beer was drunk and the empties returned.

Our boatman had his own bottle. During the music his dark arm would hold it up to his dark lips; then he would run his hand across his mouth and tuck the bottle down below. After several stops he frowned less and smiled more. Finally he had a kind of sweet glaze over him, like a baked ham.

We passed back under the blue bridge; on shore the crowd turned its golden faces toward us. All this time it had been waiting, waiting; and we might have been waiting too. Or we might have grown tired of waiting and gone away.

The evening ripened. The little girl fell asleep; she slept right through the music, leaning against her father, while her mother beat time with one hand. The man beside me played piano on his knees. Once, after the singers had stopped, a man in the next barca

began to sing. Everyone listened in silence, everyone called and applauded at the end of the aria.

Later the little girl fell over against her mother, but the mother continued waving drowsily; the little girl bobbed gently on her shoulder, in time to the music. Then the mother's eyes closed; the two slept propped against each other, like a haystack.

We had come into the last, widest sweep of the Canal; the palaces on either side had slid farther apart, grown smaller and smaller. Sometimes a whole party, the women in evening gowns, stood on a balcony before a row of windows gleaming green, or orange, or yellow; like tiny china dolls outside a doll's house with paper windows and a candle inside. The Canal was broader and broader; when we followed the *galleggiante* across to the crowd still waiting on the opposite bank we were on open water, under a wide, open sky, marbled with silver-edged clouds behind which the moon slipped graciously, modestly, like a hostess. We were going very fast; still, one barca passed us; a young woman, laughing and calling, taunted the boatman; he rowed wildly, his teeth gleaming in a fixed grin. We went even faster; we were flying over the water. A boatman called; our boatman kicked the tiller and pulled hard on his oar and we swept past with only inches to spare. It was the same call we had heard during the day; it sounded like *Ow-ee*. "Ow-ee, barca," he called; a sweet, gentle call over the water.

Then it was the last stop; for the last time the silence fell like snow. And we had heard the whole thing, from beginning to end, not just one piece of it like the people on shore; now it all seemed completely reasonable, perfectly clear; we understood everything, we had pierced to the heart of the secret, had glimpsed the very hand of the conductor inside the lighted dome. Under the violent, the passionate sky, the *Salute* church gleamed bone-white above the black water. And the lovely voices were free to spread out anywhere in the world; up to the coy moon, out across to the Lido and the sleeping Adriatic beyond; anywhere. We looked at each other and smiled shyly, embarrassed because it was so perfect.

Then it was over. And suddenly it was late, everyone was tired, and the boatmen were a little drunk. We turned and headed back toward the Rialto. But some of the passengers objected; there was a discussion. The little mother woke up and joined in. She was over-

ruled; by majority decision they took us to the very doorstep of our hotel. It was a miracle. *We* knew where we were but the family, *Italians*, had to be directed. Everyone stood up and stretched, and an enormous black poodle stood up too, yawning; he had been lying beside the smart young woman all evening, down below the boatman's feet. Miracle number two. We moved slowly toward the far end of the boat, and the silent young man with the crew cut tripped on the little mother and said, "Excuse me," so he had been American all the time; and somehow even this seemed an extra little miracle thrown in for good measure, one for the road.

Until I saw the passengers as they climbed out filing past our friend in an awkward line, *paying* him; and the whole thing seemed to come around full circle and to close with a snap, like a bracelet. Because we had already paid, but *he* would never remember, or care; our *friend*, I thought bitterly, immediately imagining the whole sordid scene, the hopeless argument, the sleepy disinterest of the others. And my husband was up ahead, I couldn't even warn him, much less apply one of those small soothing phrases that wives carry with them like first aid. . . .

If only the young woman would stay; she spoke English, at least we would be able to explain . . . but the silent poodle had reached the limit of his endurance, once his feet touched solid ground he had to get *away* . . . and she went with him, there was no way I could think of to hold her; and it wasn't the thought of paying another fourteen hundred lire, it was the inevitable, irrevocable loss of what would have been such a lovely memory. . . .

And more than that it was the shell, the shell that would be so much harder to take off next time. . . .

Helplessly I shuffled forward; helplessly watched my husband reach the boatman, hold out his empty hand and begin to speak. But the boatman only smiled, with a sudden glint of gold, and waved him on.

It was very still. The last passengers spread out into the little black streets and were gone. The boatmen pushed off, talking quietly; the barca turned the corner and disappeared. The sound of their voices dwindled and died. We stood before the dark hotel, waiting, and somewhere in the early, early morning a church bell began to ring.

What American Travelers Learn

By ITHIEL DE SOLA POOL

■ It is not obvious that travel broadens. Take the Detroit businessman sitting in an Athens restaurant with his notebook open before him and his eye on his watch. "I have been keeping a record," he said to a fellow American who happened by, "of how long it takes to get served at each meal, and when I get home I'm going to tell the guys in the Chamber of Commerce that there is no use giving money to revive the European economy when they can't even serve a customer his meal when he wants it." Travel did not increase this man's cultural awareness enough to recognize how the skilled waiters in plush restaurants he patronized catered to their European customers' preference for leisure. Our Detroiter indeed illustrates a newer cliché, opposed to the view that travel broadens—the cliché that each traveler comes back fortified in his previous prejudices by what he saw abroad.

Thus we have two proverbs of opposite import to summarize existing wisdom about the effects of travel. It is in this realm of contradictory proverbs that the social scientist finds his hunting ground. Few social science propositions are entirely novel. Most consist of specifying when, where, under what conditions, and to what extent each of alternative clichés has some validity. It is to do this job of specification and qualification that the social scientist needs his heavy baggage of statistics and jargon. The results are seldom as glib as the easy proverbs he starts with but they are some-

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times more accurate. Our task in this essay is to summarize some of what social science research has established in that vague limbo lying between two flat clichés: the cliché that travel broadens, and the cliché that each person finds what he already believed. What do we know about the effects of foreign travel?

We know that to some extent: (1) the effects of a foreign trip are determined not by the experiences abroad but by the problem of reporting them to people back home; (2) the effects of a foreign trip are determined by the traveler's advance expectations of what would happen abroad; (3) what a person sees abroad is determined by emotional needs in much the same way a dream is—he creates a myth about the self and the world which serves to reduce his tensions; (4) that despite all of these distorting tendencies, travel does broaden profoundly; (5) that the *amount* of travel makes a big difference—and not just an additive one. The effects of a three-year visit may be in quite the opposite direction from the effects of a one-year visit, and the effects of half a dozen trips abroad may be quite the reverse of the effects of the first.

We shall illustrate and expand these five conclusions from a number of recent studies. The vast growth of travel since the war led a number of social scientists to turn their attention on it as an object of study. Government funds were poured into exchange programs and with that came a desire to evaluate them. Under the auspices of the Institute for International Education and others, studies were done of foreign students in the U.S.A. An example is John and Ruth Useem's *The Western Educated Man in India.* Besides studies of foreign exchangees in the U.S.A. studies have also been made on the selection and adjustment of Americans for service abroad. One such study is described in Dr. Magnone's article in this issue. There have also been a few studies of tourist and student travelers. Finally, the research program on international communication with which this author is associated has been interested in travel as a source of communication about the outside world. In that connection we have examined the travel of American businessmen and its effects on their attitudes toward foreign economic policy, the visits of Indian students to the United States and the effects on their images of the U.S.A., and finally the travels of American students spending a summer vacation in Europe.

We have said that the effects of a foreign trip are to some extent determined not by the experiences abroad but by the problem of reporting them to people back home. Take the Asian student who has spent three years in the United States and now finds himself back in his family home in a provincial town. His tastes in food, clothing, and leisure have changed. So has his way of talking. He wants more money and a better job than the peers he left behind. There are whispers that he has grown too big for his britches, that he has become unorthodox, and that he drank and dated girls while he was away, and even perhaps that he sold out to the imperialists and is secretly an agent of Wall Street or the Pentagon (however these are conceived). In this unhappy aura a friend asks him his impressions of the United States. In these circumstances he will not dwell on the comforts and pleasures he enjoyed. Perhaps he replies, "It's all right for a wealthy American, but no place for persons of our color," hoping by his answer to reestablish his oneness with his own countrymen and quiet their suspicions. When he has said something like this a hundred times he will have begun to establish a pattern of defense. In such a manner emerge 150 per cent nationalists who strive to deny how westernized their aspirations have become by verbal aggression against a West that has influenced them more than they permit themselves to know. They have screened their recollections for the needs of their situation at home.

Our Detroit business friend has done this in advance. He did not wait for his return to consider the problems of reporting his trip to his colleagues at home. Everywhere he went he carried them along in the back of his mind, preparing his notes for his speeches to them. These imagined "reference" persons were more important in shaping his reactions than the persons immediately around him.

It is subordination of persons physically around to imagined ones at home which permits the extraordinary misconduct of some American tourists abroad. Take the man who shouts at waiters and clerks, the woman who wears shorts into a cathedral, the traveler who talks loudly and disparagingly of the country he is visiting, and who would never behave so rudely at home. To them the people physically present are not the ones who count. The reference persons they respect and whose conduct controls them are the persons important in their "real" life at home. Even abroad what they do and

do not is controlled only by the judgments of the home folks whom they have never mentally left. As long as there is no fear of censure from them, the real but unimportant persons physically present can be insulted with impunity.

The problem of reporting back home not only affects behavior, it also affects recollection. It is a situation analogous to that of stories of our babyhood. All of us have stories of our childhood which we cannot remember directly, but which we do recall our mothers and fathers telling over and over again. These shape our image of our childhood and become almost as real as if they were true memories. In much the same way the traveler remembers the stories he has told over and over while the original memories of the events themselves gradually become vague. Many a traveler has come back from a trip abroad suddenly to encounter for the first time the question "What was your impression of Europe?" Many travelers (unlike our Detroit friend) have no synthesized impression until that moment. The tourist had been catching trains, photographing cathedrals, walking along ancient streets, making hotel reservations, buying presents, asking directions; in short, doing the million and one things which constitute living. Until his return he had not tried to compress them all into some politico-social-cultural "impression of Europe." When, after returning, he is asked to give that impression on the spur of the moment, he puts together the easiest formula which will satisfy the person asking the question. Once such an answer has been invented it is filed in the memory drawer for future use and may be pulled out regularly. Gradually it becomes his "memory" of Europe almost more than the true memories of the events that occurred.

This phenomenon suggests two things: the importance of the formulated and verbalized memory and also the importance of the first person for whom it was formulated; the desire to communicate satisfactorily to him may shape the impression once and for all. Our Detroit friend might have reacted quite differently had he been shaping his impressions for a speech to his wife's chapter of the League of Women Voters instead of for his friends in the Chamber of Commerce.

Just as the effects of travel are molded by the persons at home to whom the travel is to be reported, so too are they also affected

by the traveler's expectations. Expecting something is half the job of adapting to it. One reacts more strongly to a surprise. American or European travelers, for example, see Beirut quite differently depending on whether they are coming from East or West. For those coming from Europe Beirut is their first glimpse of the Orient and their impression is of bazaars, exotic objects, and dark skinned Arabs. For those coming from Asia, reaching Beirut means coming home. Their impression is of American cars, modern streets, apartment houses, and European styles. Each traveler has acquired in the preceding months certain expectations of what he will see in a city. The shock comes from the things which were not expected.

Bitterness is often the fruit of unfulfilled expectations. The sequence of developing feelings which leads to bitterness (also in American travelers) may be illustrated by what happens to Indian students in America as traced by George Coelho, in *Changing Images of America.* The young Indian reaches New York full of hopes and expectations. He anticipates opportunities for learning, new experiences, and human relationships. He knows that there are tensions in the situation arising from Indo-American frictions. He knows that many Americans regard Nehru as a dupe of the Communists and Indian neutralism as evil. These attittudes, the student feels, can only arise from ignorance. Americans simply do not know much about India. He feels that he can easily explain that India is not anti-American or pro-Communist, and that her only aim is peace. He feels a mission to explain these clear and simple facts as he sees them. He is quickly disillusioned. He finds that while Americans may indeed be ignorant of much about India, their political views have firmer roots and more tenacity than he realized. He discovers people holding to their views with the same unquestioning intensity as he does to his. Each finds opposite truths to be self-evident. He has taken it for granted that one avoids war with the Communists by showing friendliness—the obvious way to avoid any argument. But instead of accepting this cliché his American friends find it equally obvious that the Communist intent is warlike and that only threats from strength can deter that intent.

The would-be visiting corrector and teacher now finds his own view of the world challenged and doubted. The welcome he foresaw from people glad to have the "correct" facts given them has turned

into annoyed criticism by obdurate people. And so the hopes of the first week turn into an increasingly unhappy first six months. It is only after the student has gone beyond his first year of study that he begins to gain a new perspective and understanding of what he, India, and America are all about. The culture shock of the first year finds expression in critical clichés both about America and about India. If he stays still longer then he begins to see through these easy critical rationalizations which he used to account for the failure of naive original expectations.

This simplified description of an average course of events for visiting Indian students obviously overlooks all sorts of individual variation, but it describes a basic pattern common everywhere among travelers with a mission, and many Americans these days are traveling with just such a mission of explaining America. But American travelers also vary and their individual variations are the most interesting thing about them. Let us turn to the ways in which individual personality determines the experience of the traveler.

For everyone the foreign has a profound psychological meaning. It stands for the dark, the mysterious, the evil, the intriguing. Foreign ideas and foreign influences are what politicians attack. Foreigners are the classic "out-group," the classic target of prejudice. This psychological function of the foreign as the focus of hate has been the subject of numerous studies of intergroup tensions and prejudice. But prejudice is only half of the story. The mystery and the freedom from the constraints of morality which are thought to characterize the foreign make it not only a threat but also a tempting symbol of our secret desires. The foreign is not only diabolized; it is also idealized.

This aspect of the psychology of foreign relations has been explored by the present author's colleague, Howard Perlmutter, who has published a number of articles on what he calls xenophilia and xenophiles.[1] In them he explores the way in which, for many

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[1] "Some Relationships Between Xenophilic Attitudes and Authoritarianism Among Americans Abroad," *Psychological Reports*, III, (1957) pp. 78-87. "Correlates of Two Types of Xenophilic Orientation," *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, LII, (1956) pp. 130-135. "Some Characteristics of the Xenophilic Personality," *Journal of Psychology*, XXXVIII, (1954) pp. 291-300.

persons, a foreign area becomes the idealized scene of their heart's desire. There is political xenophilia illustrated by the Communist who thinks of Russia as the happy land, or by the Indophile who imagines India to be a land of spirituality and non-violence, in contrast to the materialism of the West, or by those Zionists who picture Israel as a land of self-sacrificing idealistic pioneers. There is cultural xenophilia illustrated by the expatriate on the Left Bank for whom America is a land without culture, and Europe the place where conversation sparkles, where intellectuals are appreciated, where children learn proper deportment. There are other sorts of xenophilia too, but all of them express rebellion against the primary symbols of authority in one's own culture by asserting that things are as they should be somewhere else.

The xenophilias we have been describing are extreme, but in some degree they are not unrelated to the gratifications which any traveler gets from going abroad. In some way he is seeking something which he feels he cannot have equally well at home. What it is that he is escaping from and what it is he hopes to find mark the individuality of each traveler.

Yet the range of things which Americans seek in Europe and feel that they can find there and not at home, is limited in variety. By each such motivation for going abroad we may define a type of traveler distinguished not only in personality structure but also in terms of what he does abroad, what he enjoys, what he notices, and thus what he will report when back home. Take any collection of American tourists and the several familiar types will present themselves to you. My wife and I in a joint study found them on a Council For Student Travel ship en route to Europe and return. We gave each co-operating student the Perlmutter tests on the way over, predicted from types revealed in these what they would tell us on the way back about their summer, and then checked our predictions by interview on the homeward way. Perhaps we can best describe the patterns we found by telling the reader of one individual from each modal type of traveler.

Our first case is Dorothy. She represents one type of avid traveler who gets a great deal out of the experience. These are persons hounded at home by consciousness of duty and social responsibility; for them a trip is a great escape.

Dorothy was the daughter of a stern and moralistic Protestant pacifist clergyman. She had spent her junior year in college abroad and at the end of the year was so anxious to avoid coming home that she toyed with the idea of going to India. But she did return long enough to graduate, only to take a job doing refugee work abroad, something she now describes as an escape from her family which they could not protest because of its moral purpose. She has now been abroad four times; on each return voyage home she has experienced severe depression. She knows going abroad is an escape. She made this trip because she was fed up with the demands of her job as a social worker in which she drives herself harshly.

Dorothy wants to be at one with the people around her, not an alien observer. She hates taking pictures; "You can't observe and participate at the same time." She wants to enjoy the experience, not "hoard it." But while she enjoys travel she has rejected the idea of living abroad. "To live in a foreign country is pleasant because you have the cream but not the milk." That is an indulgence which must not become the regular order of life. So last year she turned down a job in Paris far above her present salary.

Each of these actions and feelings are not Dorothy's alone, but are characteristic of those for whom travel is an escape from their own driving consciences. Their escape works, but only for a short time for they quickly build up new responsibilities in any new social environment in which they find themselves. They cannot cut themselves off from persons and from duty to them. On the other hand, as travelers abroad they pay minimum attention to the art and impersonal cultural objects of the lands they visit, although often they are highly educated men and women. To them one conversation is worth a hundred museums. They take few photographs. While they are abroad they are enthusiastic travelers, enjoying every minute. Indeed their anxiety builds up as they go home; they cannot justify escape from life for long. So unless they are in a missionary or similar career they must soon return to their real life tasks and not live abroad in the luxury of expatriation.

Like Dorothy, Virginia is also escaping from something when she goes abroad, but certainly not from any driving sense of duty; she is escaping a little from the burden of the prim demands of her inhibitions. Virginia, whose parents are divorced, lives in suburbia

with her mother and stepfather, a successful manufacturer. She goes to a leading Eastern women's college. Her mother is active in civic affairs including the hospital, church, and clubs. She is out of the home a great deal.

Virginia described her family as reserved (she hedged at saying cold). They conceal their feelings, she admitted, and they left things unsaid. In Europe, on the contrary, she found or thinks that she found people who showed how they felt. They do not hesitate to say "love" instead of "like." Boys can express their feelings to other boys by holding hands and so can girls to girls. They are not curbed as in the U.S. "by strange surveys like Kinsey's." The families are more closely knit, she said. Women are women; they accept their role in the home as wives and mothers. They pay for this, however, by a surrender of independence and intellectual interests which Virginia could not accept for herself.

In the European environment of warmth and emotional freedom which Virginia found or in any case perceived, she had a marvelous time. She could talk to strangers on the street and in bars, something she would not do at home. Parting from all the warm friends thus made, and from one boy in particular, for her was a moment of intense anguish.

There are many travelers who, like Virginia, use Europe as a place in which to locate the fantasied realization of their repressed impulses. Some, like Virginia, do this in the mild form of admiring a culture they think to be more honest and less prim than their own. Others, like Arthur, do it in more drastic form.

Arthur represents those persons of weak ego for whom the chance to get away from home is the chance to go on a spree. To him too, Europe is a place of greater freedom from inhibition but in a very different way. Arthur lacks the human feelings which made Virginia look for a response to emotional warmth. To Arthur, European women and European bars were conveniences to satisfy his needs. Europe was the place where he learned to drink. His story of his summer was a tale of marvelous adventures. He and his friends went to the market and had some drinks, then rode in a boat and drank some more, then called on some girls and partied half the night. It was a marvelous summer, a constant round of pleasantry, but despite that Arthur reels off complaints about his

European friends. The companion of one episode turns out mean or unreliable in the next. Europeans are immature, bound in convention. Out of the whole Bacchanalian adventure, the hero of which was Arthur himself, no one else was recalled with affection. True, some prominent men, including Ali Kahn himself, were mentioned as listening to him with interest, but ordinary people who were his companions were described as bearing gifts at one moment and being laughable at another.

The pattern is that of a dependent and weak character who seeks glory, conquest, and love. When he is denied them sober, he claims them anyhow in alcohol. Europe seems to give him more of these gatifications than he finds at home, for in Europe he is a "big shot," a traveling American. Europe also means to him triumphs through alcohol and sex which he believes more prevalent there because he feels freer to seek them.

Not every American who goes abroad is engaged in escape. Escape of some sort (which, let it be stressed, is often a good thing) was the gratification of our first three characters, but there are other gratifications, too. The gratification for Ellen was aesthetic and passive. She was a silent observer of the passing scene. Like a sponge, her eyes soaked up whatever they met, accumulating matter for her reveries.

Ellen is a heavy girl, with a minimum of sex appeal. She is painfully shy, but a girl of talent. She reads, she paints, and she plays the guitar. She found the community living of the student ship painful. In Europe her favored activity was to walk the streets alone, observing. She took no pictures. Persons of her type do not, both because they cannot perform the aggressive social act of pointing a camera at people and because they do not like an activity to interrupt their silent observation. The persons who take many pictures are less personally sensitive types like Arthur and others whom we have yet to describe. But while Ellen took no pictures she had them in her mind. She described the hues of a rose window and the pattern of rooftops along an Italian hill. Europe to her was a place of beauty and of extraordinary sights which she could drink in undisturbed.

Archibald was also impressed by cathedrals though he could hardly have drawn one from memory. He was impressed by them

as tokens of a great heritage of culture. But equally with great art, he was also impressed by the table manners of French children and the elocution in the Mother of Parliaments.

Archibald is the son of Italian immigrants, noble on his mother's side, peasant on his father's. His father, with three years of education, is now a wealthy man and a member of the board of the art museum. Archibald goes to Princeton. He will not go into his father's business; his current interests center on Nietzsche and little theater.

To him the great experience of his trip to Europe was acceptance by representatives of a great tradition. The notable events were finding himself in a drama of formal manners, being greeted by a representative of Whitehall, and enjoying a banquet with half a dozen fine wines.

Archibald and others like him took many photographs, and often artistic ones of both persons and things. He differed in what he shot from Arthur. Arthur's interest was either in dramatic news shots or in photos of the "sights," not in pictures of persons cared for. Arthur took both the great monuments and his friends, often in the same picture.

Archibald would like to live abroad. He himself did not become engaged abroad, and is not likely to, as did some among the interviewed travelers of similar motivations, but that is because he is not now ready to become engaged to anyone. If he did it would very likely be to a European. It is to Archibald and others like him that the Foreign Service also has a great appeal. They talk with fervor of some day returning to a land where living, they believe, can have a grace, a cultured quality, a sense of dignity that they do not find at home. In short, they have found in Europe testimony to their own importance and worth. They have been lifted from the common, touched with the elixir of tradition, and recognized.

The travelers who remain to be described are those whose trip was not a success. Let us describe three who for three different reasons were glad that it was all over and that they were now coming back to the safe and sane U.S.A.

Horace was simply too shy to cope happily with new and difficult situations. His travel arrangements placed him as a guest in a European family who frightened him, and to whom he did not

dare to face up. As a result his image of Europe is that of a lion's den full of difficulties and dangers. He takes pride in having handled them all and coming out unscathed. He reports with gratification that at the end of the summer he was still liked even though his European hosts could not understand his solitary walks with guidebook in hand to every one of the seventeen starred churches in the city. Horace in retrospect will undoubtedly recall his experiences and his hosts with relish, but until distance lets him forget the anxiety, he is glad to be going home.

Priscilla is the daughter of a small town banker, also farmer. She goes to college near her home in the South. She is a Baptist and attends church weekly.

In some ways she resembles Virginia in the aspects of Europe on which she focused her attention. Both were concerned with inhibition and expression of impulses. But what they perceive through their psychic filters is quite different. Virginia discovered in Europe a dream world of warm emotions which she craved. Priscilla couldn't enjoy that world without reservation for she is even more inhibited than Virginia, even though in a frigid way she was sexually not inexperienced. Her major theme was one of judgment of European behavior—what the men did and what the women did that she approved and that she disapproved.

When they did not do what she felt free to do she found them too conservative, strict, inhibited. When they acted in ways which threatened her thin shell of propriety they were aggressive, crude, immature. Priscilla told us that twenty-three-year-old boys "cut up" like thirteen-year-olds at home; that when a boy spilled wine on her he laughed, not apologized; that her European friends ate too much; that censorship of love scenes in movies is a good thing because "the Spanish are so excitable anything could happen"; that the family relations are warmer, more affectionate than American; that she could visit bars in Europe which she could not do at home—it was fun to go into little bars, get wine, shrimp tidbits, and olives and throw the pits on the floor. But she did this more with Americans than with Europeans. Except for one German boy, the behavior of her European dates displeased her.

Priscilla verges on the classic syndrome of the authoritarian personality, but she is an authoritarian without the overtones of

fascism, prejudice, and xenophobia. Like any authoritarian she waved the flag for God, mother, and country. She stereotyped, and was sensitive to hierarchy, but she was still capable of enjoying Europe and liking foreigners while there. She is critical of their ways and manners, but harbors no hatred.

No so William. He came back with many resentments. His parents were refugees from Europe where his relatives died in the gas chambers. Now he lives in Scarsdale where he feels uncomfortable and dislikes his snobbish neighbors.

To this troubled adolescent the trip was a chance to prove himself, his worth, and his independence. Like shy Horace, William found himself abroad in a land of perils and troubles, but the plot of his story was not how he proved that he too could be liked and accepted. His fable told of humbling the foolish and slaying the wicked. He ticked off his accomplishments by exact count. In Amsterdam he walked twenty-five to thirty miles and finally came around to paying one bus fare only because he had a cold. (He made his trip around Europe on one hundred dollars, refusing two checks from his parents.) At the Wimbledom matches he met two world champions and was photographed with one.

He achieved these and other feats, he told us, by refusing to be tied down by anyone else. The only contacts he enjoyed were fleeting relations with strangers. He says he didn't exchange more than fifty words with the young European he roomed with for a month. He had ceased having anything to do with his tour group. You meet a lot more people, he said, going off by yourself on a train, for example.

He feels he learned from his trip not to be "inhibited," but to go up to people on any "pretense" and talk to them. His favorite pretense was to look pathetic and ask for help.

But he found no joy nor respect for anyone on his travels. He had had enough of Europe, not, it must be added that he was wholly looking forward to going to his family home where they'll be "talking, talking, talking," asking him about his trip. But at least he'll be done with one set of vexations. The people he saw in Europe were "foolish," or "immature," or "out for the American buck." Like Arthur when he took pictures, and he took many, it was not of these people but of sporting events and scenes.

William, taking out his unresolved conflicts on Europe, is clearly the type of American our information officers would like to keep at home. But aside from this troubled troublemaker, one should not try to put tags of better or worse on the different types of travelers we have described. They may seem less than perfect in our descriptions, but we have not meant to derogate them. All of us are less than all-knowing and all-seeing. When we asked each of our respondents to describe their summer in Europe, in the nature of things they had to choose and select some things to describe. We have attempted to show that the choice was related to personality. To point that out is not to criticize the choice nor to belittle the chooser. We each, on our travels, are like the blind men touching the elephant, and it cannot be otherwise if we are less than omniscient. In a limited time we can see or think only a limited number of things.

What each of us sees is a fulfillment of what he needs to see to cope with the emotional problems that dominate his own life. It is in that respect that our images of our travels are like our dreams. They both have the element of wish fulfillment. For the xenophiles, Europe, or some place in Europe, proved that life did not have to be the way the bad guys generally made it. For the xenophobes Europe supplied the bad guys who proved how good, by contrast, the traveler was. For some travelers Europe provided the difficult test by which to prove themselves and for still others it provided the lovely objects of art and nature by which to escape from the horrid world of people. What each American found in Europe was determined sometimes less by what was there than by what he needed to find.

These eight case studies have shown us how in some sense travelers do find abroad what they look for, just as the cliché asserts. They do find a land where things are as their fantasy of life demands. It may be a land where people are more urbane, or emotionally freer, or all out to cheat you, or where every sunset is more beautiful. It may be a good land or a bad land depending on whether the day dream is about enjoying the "good guys" or destroying the bad. But it is somehow a land where one's dominant fantasies will be lived out.

In a number of ways, then, we find that the traveler's own

consciousness conditions what he conveys back from a trip abroad. His "reference persons" at home, his expectations, and his psychic needs all affect it. Yet when all these distorting forces have done their work, the experience still has an impact in pushing the traveler beyond his own limitations. Travel does broaden.

Evidence for this assertion can be drawn from a study of the effects of foreign travel on the foreign economic attitudes of American businessmen.[2] Interviewed in this study were 900 heads of firms, from the largest down to ones with 100 employees. They were asked their views on tariffs and foreign trade and they were also asked various questions about their communication experiences. For those who had traveled little abroad their stand on tariff legislation could generally be predicted from what their firm made: a textile manufacturer would be a protectionist, an auto manufacturer a free trader, etc. But for those who had traveled a great deal, narrowly defined business interest broke down as a predictor of attitudes. What the firm made no longer determined sharply where a man would stand on tariffs.

Perhaps the reader expects that those who had traveled a great deal became more liberal. One might expect that those who saw the world became citizens of it and took their political stand in terms of world needs. But that was not the case. The much traveled businessmen were no more inclined to be free traders than the rest. Travel did not shift their views in any one direction. What travel did was something more subtle. It shook simple clichés on both sides and replaced visceral reactions with less personal views. It made a man's views less predictable from any one fact about his individual background. The men who came from protectionist industries might if they had traveled acquire more liberal trade views, while travelers from free trade industries might acquire more protectionist views. The travelers moved towards a common perspective as citizens. Travel shook their self-image as industry spokesmen and made them think in national terms. Furthermore, travel was the only kind of communications experience which had an important influence in this way. What a man read was not in this

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[2] Ithiel de Sola Pool, Suzanne Keller, and Raymond A. Bauer, "The Influence of Foreign Travel on Political Attitudes of American Businessmen," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, XX, (1956) pp. 161-176.

instance very predictive, of how he would react. Travel was for our respondents a uniquely broadening experience.

Thus our Detroit businessman may wind up a more cosmopolitan person despite himself. True, he starts out by seeing what he wants to report to his friends at home but without knowing it he may end up thinking quite differently. That has happened to more than one of his fellow travelers on the overseas tours of the Detroit Chamber, as indeed it happens to travelers everywhere. But the effect on him is not likely to come all at once. We talked just above of much traveled businessmen and contrasted their tariff stands to those of their little traveled colleagues. By "much traveled" persons we meant persons who had been abroad at least five times. They (and they were about half of our business sample) were the only ones who differed in breadth of perspective from the rest. One or two or even three trips generally seemed at the time to make no difference. Yet something was indeed happening. Deep inside experience was being accumulated and eventually a critical level was reached. At that point the individual revealed that the psychic mechanism by which he controlled what he saw in Europe had not succeeded in shielding him completely from change. On the contrary, the very act of living through the dream world he made for himself abroad could change him as well as shield him. And so could the many small incongruities which came through leaks in the traveler's filters, denied at first but eventually recognized. The experience of travel is a profound one. Precisely because it is so taxing, so all absorbing, so emotionally charged, it is an experience which leaves its mark on the traveler who travels enough for the process to work. He is eventually forced to awareness of perspectives he at first tries to deny.

More and more Americans are having this experience.

For our heads of firms the norm is now to go abroad on the average of once every two years. Before many more decades pass few influential Americans will remain innocent of substantial experience abroad. This is a new state of affairs for our country. Its impact will not be seen immediately either on the individuals or on the country. But in the end it will profoundly shape American attitudes.

The Student Abroad

By RUTH CHURCHILL

■ In the past it has been accepted without question that foreign study is a Good Thing; that travel broadens; that if people know each other better, they will like each other better; that exchange of students promotes international understanding. Only in the last decade have scholars begun to look for evidence to support such convictions, and the evidence so far is inconclusive.[1]

It is clear that foreign study does produce changes in attitudes of students. They are more aware of themselves, of America, of other countries. But when the evidence is inspected more closely, it becomes apparent that some students have changed not at all and others have become more narrowly American and more critical of foreign values while still others have perceived Europe in clearly distorted ways.

What factors make the difference? Why do some students fail to be affected? Why do some react negatively to different customs and standards? Why are some able to become, for a time, members

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[1] The studies made can be grouped in three categories: studies of foreign students living in the United States, studies of how foreign students and travelers feel about the United States, and studies of American students and travelers abroad. The most comprehensive studies have been those made by the Committee on Cross Cultural Education of the Social Science Research Council.

Studies of American students abroad are rare. There are a few of student travelers such as those of Pool and Howard Smith. One of the few studies of students living abroad was made by the Cullahorns; recently a study has been made of the Junior Year Abroad plan sponsored by Sweet Briar.

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of another society and to live by its rules? Why are some able to reconcile newly perceived values with those they have always held while others cannot?

A large part of the answer is to be found in the individual himself. With Dr. Pool's article in mind, one is tempted to write "obviously," but then he recalls the customary criteria employed by colleges in admitting students to their foreign programs: academic standing, financial resources, or something called vaguely "maturity." Nor have colleges even asked themselves the question: Should we send abroad those who can be most easily influenced or those whom it is hardest to influence?

The other set of variables has to do with the conditions under which the student meets the new society. Here a small sample of data from one college may throw some light, especially since the program under consideration enables the student to engage in a variety of activities abroad, including work experience. Some months ago the author interviewed twenty-four students just returned from Antioch College's foreign program in an effort to determine what impact, if any, the experience had had upon them, and why. The criterion of impact was subjective: to what extent had the student felt actively involved in the life of another country? This was ascertained not so much through direct questions as from leading the student through discussion to reveal his approach to the people and problems of the foreign culture.

The motives they acknowledged in going abroad were in general the same as most of their contemporaries—curiosity about the world (although one girl admitted that she wanted to forget a man). The periods for which they remained abroad varied from several months to over a year. Apart from traveling, each student's experiences included living in one place for at least four weeks. Nine actually settled down and lived in a city or town for a longer time. In the total group ten job experiences were represented, and a similar number of more common study periods at a university.

In one respect, all these students were successes—they all returned to school to continue their education. But in applying the yardstick of involvement in a foreign culture the results are different. Four students, in fact, might just as well have stayed home. Europe had been a fascinating experience, full of new sights and delights,

but it had been a show and they were never part of it. Leila, for example, enjoyed the theater and the ballet and just loved riding a motor scooter, but she said nothing that indicated she had learned anything about European life and society.

The other twenty students all became involved in life in Europe in some fashion. For almost half of them, however, what happened was that they became involved, but they never reached the point of coming to terms with the new culture. They wanted to, they realized it was a problem, but they never faced it. What did happen? Generally they left—either they went on to another place or they returned home. Some took refuge in illness. Mary, for example, concluded at the end of a term in an English university that, since she wasn't taking examinations, the second term was useless for her. So she left and went to Paris. Actually she had felt completely isolated in England. Her most enjoyable experience, she said, was the day she spent in London pretending to be a tourist. Everyone had been so friendly—unlike her fellow students at the university who did no more than say hello to her.

The remaining eleven students did try to respond more creatively to the foreign environment, but only seven succeeded. The others managed by withdrawing into their shells. Tom, for example, attended a university and read voluminously. He was aware of the life of his fellow students and of the city around him, but lived like a hermit. He learned a great deal about a field of intense interest to him, but he could as well have watched people and read in a university library in Berkeley, California. Of the twenty-four students, then, only seven seemed in their own ways to have become for a time a part of the communities in which they lived, which ranged from a *kibbutz* in Israel to a French village and a group of university students in London.

What accounted for these differences in impact? Partially they were related to the personalities of the students themselves. Tom reads and watches people on campus. Ellen, who understood why the proprietress of the inn in the French village would not speak to her after she had visited a villager with whom the innkeeper had a feud, enjoys life at Antioch and understands her fellow students' foibles. Partially it was a matter of what each student expected. Joan wanted to live with a rural French family; instead she lived

with an upper middle class family which prided itself on being cosmopolitan. She was disappointed because in her perception the family was too much like those she had known at home.

But these differences in impact are also related to the conditions under which these students lived abroad. First, only ten students gave clear evidence of having made substantial progress in learning the language of the country in which they spent the most time. And language did make a difference even in countries where the educated speak English. In most countries people view an individual who is learning their language as a person who wants to become at least temporarily close to them. The attempt is accepted as a friendly, courteous gesture and opens many doors. Moreover, idiomatic language in itself reveals many customs and implicit values. The whole web of daily life is involved in learning a language.

The experience of three girls who went to Israel illustrates some of these values. English is so commonly spoken there that none of them had any difficulty in talking with the people. But only one tried to learn some Hebrew. The consequence was that her fellow workers in the *kibbutz* treated her as one of them. They asked her many questions, argued with her, and even frankly expressed their puzzlement about the other two American girls—were they looking for husbands? It is significant that in the later interviews these two reported some vague dissatisfaction with their experience, but they were completely unaware that in the *kibbutz* they had never left the status of visitors.

How long a student lived in one place and with whom he lived constituted the second set of conditions related to impact. In this respect, how the students lived seemed more important than how long they were abroad. Traveling from place to place either alone or with a group gave little opportunity for anything except superficial exchanges with people. As Mary said, she got to know few other people except the guides and the other tourists in the bus. In several cases the evidence is clear that when the student failed in his initial attempt to establish himself he decided that he had learned all he could at that particular place and that he needed to travel elsewhere.

Those who lived in families or in some other such arrangement with people of the country were the most influenced. Almost all

agreed that groups of American students living together were cut off from other people and lacked incentive to form new relationships. Those who lived in international student groups enjoyed the fellowship, but they were likely to form an international society of their own, oriented to the interests of students, not to the living problems of the larger society. Nor was living alone the answer—it was too easy to retreat into a solitary existence in a strange city.

Spending the whole year in one place studying and living alone left Harry as much an outsider in England at the end of the year as he had been at the beginning. On the other hand, Ethel, who attended the same university as Harry but lived with a group of English students, was one of the two students who tried to convince the interviewer of the superiority of English to American values. On her return she felt more at home in England than in America.

A student living with a family, speaking a new language, studying or working with people from this new country, may be trying twenty-four hours a day to assume a role. Twenty-four hours of lessened ability to communicate even simple wants, twenty-four hours of trying to predict the courteous way in which to handle each situation, twenty-four hours of listening to inaccurate stereotypes of American life and of answering questions about Governor Faubus can be taxing even to the most capable and friendly of students. It is no wonder students run away or withdraw. The student entering a new culture needs some personal support. Friendships are slow to ripen and the student may need help before he has friends. It is at this point that other American students or other Americans can be of assistance. Several students, not living together but living in the same town or area, can help each other over the inevitable rough spots. More than that, an exchange of experience with other students helps each individual to know what is typical and what is special. Thus, while many of the twenty-four students emphasized the need for not living with other Americans and for doing the major adapting by oneself, there also emerged need for other people with a background like one's own.

The last source of differences in the impact of the foreign experience on this group of twenty-four undergraduates was the roles they attempted to assume in the new culture. While it is easily recognized by the people of the new culture that the student is a

sojourner, there are a variety of temporary roles available. The most superficial and the least accepted role, but a clearly perceived one, is that of the traveler or the tourist. He looks at places or at people; people are generally helpful and friendly to him; they may talk freely to him because in another hour they will never see him again; nevertheless the contact rarely conveys any depth of feeling or a picture of daily life. The traveling student has an advantage over the tourist. There is assumed to be a respected purpose behind his looking and his talking; he has come to learn, even if he moves on quickly. The role of resident student has, of course, been accepted since the Middle Ages. While people may have only a vague notion of how students live or of what they study, status is granted easily. The presence of the individual student is explained, and he is free to enter the daily life, even if his normal contacts are with other students.

The role of worker, which few American students have tried, seems a difficult one, but most rewarding in terms of involvement. Although few of the students interviewed felt that they had been able to dispel the mystification of their fellow workers as to why an American would want to be a clerk in a German office or a farm hand in France, work forced the student into daily contact with people and points of view that he would have had no other chance of meeting on equal terms. And work forced realization of the commonest problems of an economy—how long and how hard an average individual must labor in order to pay for his needs and perhaps a few luxuries.

In the interviews, three themes emerged in what the students said. The first was politeness. Their changing concepts of politeness were an excellent index of the substantial amount of cross-cultural learning that occurred. They all went abroad wanting to be polite and courteous, but they went with American concepts of politeness. And they reported again and again that they had been impolite by the standards of the country to which they went. They had failed to give professors due deference; they had not shaken hands when they should have; girls had not known proper behavior on dates. If they learned nothing else, they learned that politeness is valued everywhere and that the ways in which it is manifested differ widely.

Second, these students learned in Europe what it is to be an

American. They learned it painfully and concretely. Living all their lives in America, they had taken being Americans for granted. They had been individuals accepted by others or not, on their individual merits. Now for the first time they were treated as members of a group, as possessing the characteristics of that group. They found it difficult, even impossible, to assert their individuality. Americans are materialistic, they were told. Many of them had accepted this generalization long before they went to Europe—for other Americans. Now they found it useless to try to explain that while many Americans worried about materialistic values, they themselves rejected such values. Americans are materialistic; they are Americans; therefore, they too were materialistic. They began to face what it means to be identified with a group, to be unable to be accepted as an individual apart from that group. Moreover, they learned that American governmental policies about which they knew little meant life and death in many countries. They learned as they could never have learned at home what it is to be a citizen of a powerful country on whose actions the lives of people everywhere depend.

The third theme was that the students *wanted* to talk about Europe, about what they had done, the people they had met, what they felt and thought. Most of them were trying, now that they were home again, to make sense of their experience and to relate it to what they had found at home. The initial shock of return was over, the conventional questions were past, and for many the interviewer was the first person who had asked them questions which touched on what they were trying to express.

Most college programs have ignored what may be the most important educational opportunity of study abroad, the aftereffect at home. If the foreign experience is ignored, why shouldn't the individual seal it off and readapt to his own culture unchanged? If the audience to which the traveler reports his experience helps to determine the report, should not the college seek to control at last some of the conditions under which the reporting is done? If the colleges believe that study abroad will increase international understanding, what steps are they taking to help returning students gain and use such understanding? Moreover, each student's experience is unique and partial; exchange of experience with others who have studied and lived elsewhere is necessary to correct some im-

pressions, to strengthen others. Colleges need to devise ways (and not necessarily courses) to help the returning student put his experience in perspective and make it a part of his life and of the lives of his fellow students.

There is an old saying that if an ass travels abroad, he will not come home a horse. Foreign experience in itself will work no miracles. If the increasing number of colleges now conducting educational programs abroad are to exploit more creatively the rich opportunity that is offered them, they must carefully plan the conditions under which their students will feel the impact of the foreign milieu. Learning the language, living with the people, and taking part in the daily life as a student or a worker—all of these conditions make an impact possible. But even if these have been carefully planned, the value of the experience may be largely wasted if the final condition is not met: that the student have an opportunity to report his experiences, to exchange impressions with others who have been abroad, and finally to achieve some recognition and reconciliation of the values of two cultures.

Reunion

By MILTON GOLDBERG

Like a tourist to Moscow in the dead of winter, he came,
Expecting sunlight through the glimmering cherry trees
When only cold light from the waning moon
Reflected on the hard-packed snow. In the long years
Since we had soared aloft with Plato and Alyosha,
Nightingales had metamorphosed into bears,
While dancing porpoises sank into the frozen jaws
Of Odessa. Many years are a long winter.
When stars, too numb to dance again, warm
Their toes before the breath of the dying sun,
Does he, poor visitor from warmer times, dare
Bare his soul and waltz his summer laughter
Toward this arctic moon?

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Sardinia: A Case Study in Technical Aid

By JOHN W. HERRING

■ We Americans have used the handy phrase "technical assistance" abroad to cover a multitude of things that don't fall into crisp categories. The phrase leaves much untold. When we enter other countries at earth level and attempt to share with the inhabitants in the intimate and pressing matters that are the very stuff of their lives and social ways, we are submitting ourselves to the most sensitive testing of our humility and our wisdom. Neither innocence abroad nor arrogance abroad is tolerable. True friendship abroad, is.

The venture described here is one of the most imaginative of the international jobs in which America shares, for it is based on that highly elusive but commanding premise, the soundness of the *community method*. And its difficulty can be gauged by the fact that this is no easy export of a commodity in which our country admittedly excels, but is rather a vision of human dealing in which we are but one of the gropers.

This of course lifts the Sardinian venture cleanly out of the basket of things we do "for foreigners" and daringly onto the plane of values we pursue with our friends. It is superfluous to add that the wide success of this approach the world around might cause peace to break out in unexpected places.

Sardinia has been a half forgotten island though it lies but a half hour west of Rome by plane, and its southern part is almost

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athwart the main lines of Mediterranean traffic. For five thousand years it has been the target of marauders. Old Roman ruins overlay earlier Phoenician traces. Arab, Spaniard, Moor, Italian princedoms and latterly the Barbary Pirates have taken turns in conquest and settlement. Its most prominent archeological remains are the prehistoric Nuraghi, presumably massive fortresses, shaped like truncated cones of great stones. Impressive defense towers range grimly up the coast. Sardinia's million and a half people should properly be called Mediterraneans in the broad sense that their ancestors come from the full circuit of the Mediterranean Sea. They are a dark, handsome, and sober people, conforming quite remarkably now to a "Sardinian" type, except where small ethnic islands have resisted absorption. Latterly, most Sardinians have learned to speak Italian, but this is still an overlay of many dialects, including one similar to the old Latin. There's little detailed information about Sardinia in English, though D. H. Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia*, a mystic yarn, is fairly widely known.

Until a dozen years ago, Sardinia sang, toiled, and hungered in privacy, a notably brave, dignified, and forgotten people. Then swift and important changes came. In the late forties a Rockefeller health team waged a blitz against malaria, the most devastating of all the island's ancient enemies. When the blitz was finished, malaria was gone and the valleys and marshes were at last opened to the people. They are trekking now from the compactly fashioned villages set in the hills for health and safety to the new richness of the plains. And Italy, now Sardinia's motherland, aided by sizeable funds from the United States, has begun to give Sardinia favored treatment. The notable Italian Committee for the South (the Mezzogiorno, the "noon day sun") is spending in the current twelve-year plan a quarter of a billion dollars for dams, irrigation, roads, land reclamation, and hydro-electric power. And the government has awarded Sardinia "semi-autonomous regional" status, one of three areas thus favored—a step which has greatly enhanced political pride and vigor.

But hunger and austerity are ancient companions of Sardinian life, and the beneficent changes of recent years affect the contours of its ways and condition slowly. Machines have come to the bigger farms, but for the broad sweep of Sardinian life the little donkey

and the sickle are still its combine. Averaging the richer and the poorer, the annual per person income is still only $200—fifty-five cents a day.

This is the land that by a turn of the knob swam into the focus of certain European sights a couple of years ago. The Marshall Plan which ladled U.S. billions into the resuscitation of Europe, lingered on after the emergency. The continuing organization for "Economic Co-operation" has matured as a thoroughly naturalized inter-European agency with friendly but diminishing participation by the United States. It has contributed to that fermentation of ideas and the new realism of Western Europe that have made such projects as the Coal-Steel and European Community not simply thinkable but inevitable. Several Americans, notably Paul G. Hoffman and Clarence Francis, suggested to the European Organization leaders that the "community approach" might be tried in the operations of their "Production Agency," recently formed, a suggestion that harks back to our imaginative Committee on Economic Development, pioneered by these men.

From this seed grew the proposal that certain less developed areas in Europe be selected for assistance by international teams and that the word "community" be interlaced with "production." For the first time in the European program, the decision was made to bring the full battery of community techniques to bear in planning and executing a broad improvement program. This meant strange ventures in community organization and even stranger adventures in the involvement of all kinds of people in the shaping of plans.

Sardinia was the first area chosen—Sardinia with 5,000 years of habits formed in the shadow of an age-old conspiracy of man and nature against her well-being. Would a "characteristically American" idea work in this setting? Would it mate with "characteristically European" ideas of Italy and others on the team? And what was this "community idea" anyway except a bunch of slogans that rang less certainly in our ears as we moved farther from American soil and deeper into a strange land? These were the thoughts that hit us in the pit of the stomach as the Italian Air Line carried our team swiftly over a narrow strip of the Mediterranean from cosmopolite Rome to remote Cagliari, the salmon grey Sardinian capitol overlooking a mountain rimmed indigo bay.

Our first impression of the island was of an austerely beautiful land with rugged mountains never out of sight and of compact villages, the color of old ivory, modelled snugly in the hills and cradled in mountain elbows; and of the infinitely complex geometry of the little fields, saffron, green or sere—the characteristic "fractionated" lands which charm and dismay the critical observer. The dying farmer splits his land among his five sons and each of them among his five. To recompose these widely scattered splinters into workable farms is like putting Humpty Dumpty together again.

The first impression of the people is likewise one of some austerity. Not a pretty people, but sturdily handsome, often beautiful. Mostly, one has the memory of eyes—dark, brilliant, and level. They observe you, steadily but not staring. Then they smile, and the smile is a gift.

The second impression, one that grows and grows and leaves one deeply moved, is of a literally overwhelming hospitality and integrity of friendship.

The advance tales of Sardinia had much to say about bandits, little donkeys, and the lack of plumbing. There are some bandits in the starved upper reaches of Nuoro Province. And God knows, the islands abounds in little donkeys with great voices. And the plumbing in any given spot, if any, is horrible. These and the undoubtedly high rate of illiteracy are the products of poverty and isolation. But they are not all of Sardinia.

Sardinia is a land of dignity and consequence, and its underlying culture is high. It is evidenced in the extraordinary beauty and variety of costume, in the range of curiosity and zest of interest in other lands and peoples, and in politics and ideas. It has produced two universities, numerous other schools, and a roster of distinguished artists, lawyers, and physicians. And it shows in the absence of boredom, the strength of the family, the vivid aliveness of relationships, the ringing vigor of Sardinian Festa songs.

Queer things show up in a comparison of cultures. Take our pride in equality. Yet the social services of America to the poor are infected with the word "case." The "social assistance" program in Sardinia is curiously egalitarian. It deals with people as neighbors and in its wide program for the recomposition of lands and replacement of 60,000 people, it studies the tastes and motivations of people.

This is the key and genius of the movement. Again in America, the "spare room" is a thing gone by. But the poorest shepherd in Sardinia builds his guest room as if it were heaven's top command.

My six months in Sardinia were packed with examples of hospitality. I took a crowded bus one night to the hill town of Santu Lussurgiu and on the way was engaged in conversation by two young men who saw I was a stranger. "Where are you going?" said they. I evaded the question since I did not want to advertise the fact that I planned to climb seven kilometers in the dark of night above Santu Lussurgiu to the Inn of the Seven Springs. They pressed me: "Will a friend meet you?" I skirted this. Presently, we arrived. The people faded into the night and I was left alone, I thought. Climbing the mountain road, a tortuous half mile up, I heard footsteps, keeping pace. I stopped. They stopped. "*Buona Sera,*" I said. "Did your friend come?" they asked. "No." "Won't you come back and have something to eat?" I agreed. With no success I tried to pay the bill for coffee, thinking of the per capita fifty-five cents of income, but they wouldn't hear of it. Finally I said, "Can I get a taxi to the Inn of the Seven Springs?" A conference. Then one said, "Please come with us." Which I did, down narrow ways, steps, and turns in the blackest night. They knocked on a door and interviewed a man through a crack. Soon he came out and disappeared. Fifteen minutes later an ancient Fiat appeared. "He will take you to the Inn." He did, and only with difficulty could I persuade him to accept a thousand lire note.

It is essential to understand the genius of such hospitality. Repeated again and again, it is bred in the bone, encased in the heart of Sardinia. It speaks of an involvement with mankind as native as the bread they eat, the wine they drink. It bespeaks the islanders' curiosity, of course, but how beautiful the feet of such curiosity upon the craggy land.

The Sardinian Project, actively initiated in February, 1957, is built on simple lines. Reduced to a formula it reads: popular participation (PP) times leadership (L) over economic development (ED) times social enrichment (SE).

$$\text{Thus: } \frac{PP \times L}{ED \times SE}$$

This is as simple as Einstein's one-line formula for relativity. The simplicity in both cases ends there. It comes to an end like a Tschaikovski finale. And I suspect that the silence that follows in the human mind is shattering.

But soberly speaking, the genius of the Sardinian Project lies precisely in this dynamic combination of elements. The problem is to make the elements clear—to cause them to come alive—not singly but in vigorous and sensitive interaction. Economic development, standing alone, cannot serve Sardinia for the plain reason that it cannot stand alone. And the same goes for social enrichment and the other elements of the formula.

I will try to give the highlights of each and tie them together. The combination, we should note, is both the community method and the community goal.

The economics of Sardinia can be simply stated. The island is one-sixth *campidano*, the fertile valleys between the mountain chains; one-sixth, upper mountain areas; four-sixths rugged hill lands. The rain, like California's, is too little and with a long "dry." Most of the farming is quite primitive. More than half of the farms are less than seven acres. The crops run the Mediterranean gamut, olives, grapes, cork, hard wheat, citrus, vegetables, etc. Transportation? There's one of the big rubs: donkey cart to camion; narrow guage railroads not meshed with the broad guage; main highways but few feeder roads; no ship ferry, more unloading and reloading; no refrigeration. So the final cost is four times the rate from Sicily to Milan.

There are 200,000 cows and two and a half million sheep, and 400,000 unsanctified goats. The breeds are bettering, especially the blends of the doughty native cow with Swiss, Sicilian, and Holstein. There are as many little donkeys as stars in the sky.

There are coal and sundry other mines, also a large salt export industry. The coal is poor and asphyxiates one when the old style engine goes by. (Happily the diesels are replacing it.) The industrial exports are hugely important because Sardinia imports twice the agricultural stuff she sells abroad and industrial exports save her skin.

About one worker in eight is unemployed, and many more are under-employed.

An interesting item is chickens. There aren't any to speak of.

If one raised them in the fields, anybody could help himself. And wall to wall construction in the villages pretty much eliminates the back yard. So the eggs and chickens come expensively from Denmark.

The romance element in the Sardinian economy is handicraft which some students put at ten per cent of the total. Not only is handicraft responsible for the beautiful rugs, laces, baskets, and fantastically lovely and varied costumes of Sardinia, but it produces innumerable articles of household and industrial usefulness.

But the prospects are upwards. The Committee for the South is set to extend irrigation from 75,000 to 375,000 acres and is materially increasing hydro-electric power. Car ferries will probably come soon to cut the cost of transport drastically. New processing, collecting, and marketing co-operatives are forming. Most impressive is the strikingly generous program of the Committee for the South for supplying capital. The committee will give outright to a regional *Ente* (a kind of public co-operative) seven-eighths of the funds necessary for a major project of roads, dikes, irrigation, etc. It will then lend the *Ente* the remaining one-eighth at a low rate. Lower subsidies are awarded to smaller operations.

To appreciate the importance of this, one must know Italian banking. Interest rates range from nine to eleven per cent and even God's endorsement on a note would not suffice without visible heavenly assets.

Against this backdrop, our Sardinian team made up of Dutch, French, Italian, English, and American consultants moved swiftly to several recommendations. The need of a generous supply of consultants for irrigated lands, animal husbandry, and above all hill lands was clear. Expert help in training for the care of agricultural machinery and use of irrigation, in management of co-operatives, in the improvement of handicraft looms and designs were obvious needs. Our most dramatic proposal, one that struck a spark immediately with the Sardinian government, was that a whole flotilla of farm field advisers be assigned to chatting with farmers over the line fences (not literally, for they are cactus). This is the old stuff of farm extension in Holland, the United States, and elsewhere, but Sardinian funds have never been sufficient to pay a big enough staff to get beyond the paper work of the office and deal personally with

the farmer. A novel angle, too, was our proposal that these people use the ubiquitous Italian "scooter," and not cool their heels waiting for government cars and chaffeurs. The "army on scooters" became a watchword of the project.

Behind all the types of agricultural and industrial measures proposed, the project recommended a system of committees, local and regional, that would involve numerous people in the drafting and execution of plans. These committees would also work closely with a continuing program of agricultural and industrial research, a function of inestimable importance in the light of wide impending changes along the whole economic front.

So much for the ED, the economic development element in the formula. The second element is social enrichment, the SE in the formula. Economic development was relatively clear sailing; not so social enrichment. There were many doubters. "Let's stick to our last and forget the frills." One ardent Irish agriculturalist exploded, "Hokum!" But the plain truth, plain to those who do not roar too loud to read, is that economic and social development in Sardinia are not only interdependent but inseparable. We dealt here with a whole complex of the attitudes and habits of people—the matrix of their total culture. The manner of village life, of social and church relations, of farm and industrial organization is that of a tight and sensitive *gestalt*.

In the most striking of the local community programs of social enrichment we have the whole story in microcosm. In the Cutural Center of Santu Lussurgiu about five hundred adults are engaged in the arts, language, community studies, religious study, and public discussions. There is a library of books and records and a motion picture projector. With their own hands the people have cut a stage for a little theatre through a two-foot rock wall. In this group you find the genesis of almost every dynamic move in the community, economic, cultural, and social; health and housing surveys; proposals for co-operation of neighboring mountain communities; unifying of cheese co-operatives. This is the new Sardinia in the making. One would be blind indeed not to see that the economic and social elements multiply each other in the context of the new life burgeoning in this community—a community with no flush toilets, a coffee shop the size of a dime, two TV sets, and a mayor's office up an

obscure stairway. Yet in this setting are being engendered brave dreams and grace and nobility in living.

I turn to the upper deck in our formula: PP, popular participation. This is the genius of the "American idea"—honored frequently in the breach. We presume that it is less strong in Europe. Yet I think our team would agree that we were witness to a miracle in Sardinia, a popular responsiveness not common in our experience. We met here the moving phenomenon of an ancient people suddenly become young, young in a new elasticity, a new vigor, and a new hope. The Sardinian of today is amazingly his own man. Confronted by the enlarged responsibilities of a new political charter, eighty-eight per cent of Sardinia voted in 1957, voted *unpredictably*, after a campaign such as we have not known since William Jennings Bryan.

"Popular participation" in the Sardinian Project could easily become an empty phrase. To give it reality we not only proposed the forming of active committees in each community but a considerable staff: several field people to advise with community groups; an itinerant worker with a truck full of books, films, records, charts; a core of "social assistants" helping people deal with the hatful of problems connected with moving from hill to valley, from splinters to recomposed lands, from old habits to new. And we sketched the beginnings of a radio-TV program with the co-operation of RAI, the Italian broadcasting agency, to carry the story of village achievements, new moves in agriculture and industry, new cultural ventures to the whole length and breadth of the island—to cities and long sequestered villages. There are only a few sets per village, but they are in the *Gelati* "Bar" or the church hall and attract gatherings which serve as a curiously important forum in Sardinian life.

The final element in the formula is L—leadership. And here indeed lies the core of the story—not only in Sardinia but in the whole sweep of international endeavor among the multitude of agencies. The primacy of the leadership problem has been awarded tons of lip service and ounces of attention. What, we asked ourselves, is the prime need of the Sardinian Project? Bright ideas? They are a dime a dozen. The need is for the big and little statesmen with a warm, keen sense of the wholeness of the job. When by a turn of the wheel, our diplomacy picked Bowles for India, we got ourselves

a man curiously immune from our besetting sins of narrow, pretentious specialization and our benign though unconscious sense of superiority. Bowles apparently was born broad and born human. His *Ambassador's Report* is a most deceiving document. The rationale of his attitudes, his approach, his easy friendliness seem so simple as to be undistinguished. We are moved to say, "Anybody could do this." But hardly anybody can . . . not unless he is profoundly reconditioned in mind, skill, habits, and heart.

The immensely important problem of leadership, leadership in the democratic, community sense, is of course American as well as Sardinian. But it is obscured here by the tangle of our complex life and forgotten in the noise. In Sardinia where a whole people are invited to move in a generation from the world of the ancients to a modern world, freshly contrived by their own hands, the leadership need blazes like Halley's Comet.

We analyzed the job this way: first, competent "generalists," adroit and devoted "community" men—call them what you will (there is no "professional" label)—are in pitifully short supply in the countries to which we turn for consultants. We are probably licked in advance, not only in the attempt to find and lend such leadership to an international venture in Sardinia but in Turkey, Greece, South Spain, North Africa, central Africa—wherever the needle may point to other projects in troubled or retarded areas. The cruel truth is that modern specialization has expanded our ambitions, shrunk our world, and narrowed our sights. We can project almost anything into space except our souls. And this is true unless we can breed another stamp of man—or multiply the thin ranks of those with a more generous build.

Second, the same goes for the internal leadership of Sardinia—and of other areas where similar attempts are envisaged.

Hence, our proposal that the key move in Sardinia be a Mediterranean School of Community Leadership. But here the difficulty is but begun. What kind of school? What processes of training, what students, what teachers? Happily we do not start from scratch. Small but useful training ventures have been tried in this and other countries, notably in England.

We proposed, first: that the school should strive for a "generalist's" knowledgeability about the kind of community we seek; a

simple but shrewd understanding of its economics, its communications, its communal processes, its cultural expression, its planning, its social services, its human relations.

Second: the school should work for skills—skills of the round table, of persuasion, of organization, of community analysis. We were convinced that half the work of the school should be in the field, entangled in a multiplicity of concrete projects, thus effectively purging the whole training process of verbosity and the stilted academy.

Third: the school should help the student carve out the main lines of his community philosophy, his structure of values. Here belong the study of human motivations, the inculcation of the pragmatic, scientific approach to human problems, the development of a world view and the exposure of the student to the lives and thoughts of the massive minds and personalities of modern times. This must be sought in part through formal teaching, but in great part in informal ways, through warm personal associations, individual study, small round tables. This is practical stuff. People don't stand up in the great social battles of today without social values that are crystal clear. The compass points of people dedicated to a job as difficult and as pregnant in possibility as the Sardinian Project are crucially important. We face the need of fundamental surgery of the malformations of the "mentalities" that are the reason for the plight of modern man. What happens to our mentalities, American, Italian, Russian, is what will happen to the world. By this count shall we be saved or destroyed. The essence of community leadership training must perforce be training for competent workmanship in a radically remodelled world. This is a large definition, but try to whittle it if you can.

Who are the teachers, the guides in field work, the sympathetic personal companions in round tables and workshop analysis—the faculty, if you will, in leadership training? Our best guess is that they should be widely recruited, representing a composite of many views and areas of knowledge, some of them academic in the best sense, most of them "field hands"—people drawn from the practical business of community life and labor, and, with due caution, the specialists.

And the students? Internes from university graduate schools

(we found warm interest in five Italian universities); selected student-consultants from the United States and other countries; local community people; Sardinian regional leaders; persons selected from Greece, Turkey, and other countries; exchange students from America, etc.

Where should the school be? In some American ivied hall as a preface to foreign service? Or on the spot where the reality rises up around your armpits? The latter.

Throughout the Sardinian experience and widely throughout the world wherever the men and currency of one country are exported to give a hand to a neighbor country, we find a delicate problem—the riddle of the host-guest relationship. Is it really possible for an American to be useful in somebody else's bailiwick? The answer from experience is that the right American certainly can be under certain circumstances. The State Department has attempted to minimize the difficulty of this host-guest relationship by following the policy in Europe of removing the strings from our gifts to some extent and leaning over backwards to avoid too close involvement in the management of projects. In some cases, this left us in the curious position where the representatives of the United States found themselves out of contact with the agencies using American money, except as they contrived special back door communications. The Sardinian situation was complicated three ways: the United States is an important contributor and several Americans are on the staff; other countries also are in the guest relationship; finally, the Sardinian government is an important entity in itself, and the Sardinian-Italian relationship presents problems. The net effect of the complicated sponsorship of the project was to create a confused administrative situation. In order to clarify the picture, the president of Sardinia, Mr. Brotzu, invited all the partners in the enterprise to spend three days together at a beautiful mountain resort, S. Leonardo. The conference was built almost exclusively on the round table principle with about forty participants—and worked a miracle. Not the least significant fact was that the round table put the Americans where they belonged . . . in the same category as everybody else in a friendly, open, informal, across-the-board exchange of views. One could not help but feel that the extension of this idea to our

various international relations would help greatly to solve the host-guest problem.

This conference not only went far to solve a lot of problems then on the board but made it impossible to return to the old mixed and confusing administrative situation. Accordingly, the next step was to set up a single Sardinian International Committee with complete authority over the whole project. If this works as well as present promise suggests, it will make a real contribution to the touchy problem of how nations can work well together.

In summing up the Sardinian story, I am impelled to a venture of faith. That faith is that here as in the community work we have aided in India we are close to finding a new recipe for abiding friendship. Technical assistance, coolly rendered, is not enough. Large blocs of economic aid, not visible to the people in human terms, is not enough. But when eager persons from various lands are knit together in rich and inspiring enterprise, then men's hearts are stirred and race and nationality disappear. The Italian Fermi and great physicists from several lands sat together in the Manhattan Project utterly forgetful, no doubt, of ethnic facts in the fascination of a tremendous task. Consider the friendships that may flower in the world if we can successfuly band our lands together in uncounted mutual community adventures, in the fusion of spiritual energies in behalf of the new humanity. In a few short months in Sardinia we saw these ties forming. And this we must note: this is not a case of the extension of American benevolence. This is a case of the mutual learning so poignantly necessary among the nations. Sardinia will perhaps never be rich. But she can attain a sound economy, basis for an excellent life—and more. She and other communities are writing and will write fresh history in the annals of world democracy, a new wealth in which we shall share. For upon the rich mosaic of Sardinia's past culture is being created a new structure with its own unique values. And this can be the chain reaction, the chain fruit of the great adventure in international co-operation the world around.

Some of Philip's Fools

By PAUL PETRIE

(After four paintings in the Prado by Velasquez)

The first is mad. He keeps the dungeon keys,
and runs on princely errands, and never begs.
He plays with rats, cutting off their legs
and urging them to hobble on their knees.
His eyes are sable pools in glittering spate.
At his fixed smile none laugh but the very great.

The second's more a fox. His head is thick
as his club foot, swollen with self-conceit.
He knows the songs and tales the court will greet
with coins, and helps them to their loves and back.
His laugh is soft and twisted, like a sneer
from one who knows all other heads are queer.

A wit the third. He asked the King one day
"Where is your heart?" and rifled vest and purse
frantically, for something lost or worse,
and brought out empty hands. His Highness brayed.
Each night he writes within a velvet book
in which no half-wit's son shall ever look.

PAUL PETRIE received his Ph.D. from the State University of Iowa and has spent a year in Spain with his wife, painting and writing. His poetry has appeared in a wide variety of magazines including *The New Yorker*, *Chicago Review*, *Paris Review*, *New Republic*, and *Poetry*.

The last, a tumbler, stands on his hands
and dances for the court, his feet on air
tracing the lonely patterns of despair,
and takes their cheers like blows, or iron bands.
Back in his room he breaks in stifled tears
like lion's roars, and beats his echoing ears.

These are King Philip's fools, Velasquez's friends;
and still enjoyed, they hang here on the wall
as if their follies could not let them fall
while people search their guidebooks—this one tends
to be more human, this is really daft—
and find their painter master of his craft.

Here is a fools' gallery. Pick your one.
They say the King in his last dotage hung
a cap and bells upon his sovereign crown.
And later, when all the fools were dead, his son
tried to leap the moat to other lands,
and when they dragged him back he bit their hands.

Elegy for Tragedy

By PAUL PETRIE

Catastrophe I like. What worries me
in plays that specialize in blood and tears
is how the actors, dead, undone or worse,
will hardly let the curtain pass when up
they leap, all smiles, to celebrate themselves
with cheers, and gay bouquets, and dinner dates.

I had a maiden aunt, and wrote a poem
as factual as a map, retracing how
an early heart twice cracked, and cautious health,
a job she took too seriously to love,
and family feeling saved for Christmas time,
had led her to a land where breakdowns come
by doctors' orders, and every pill prescribed
is specially fitted to the heart whose hope,
like jokes or pills, is going smoothly down.

Last week my aunt came home, retired in smiles,
a traveler with tales to turn the night
green, and friends to keep the pillow warm
when laughter cools like porridge to a smile.

I went downstairs and burned my tragic poem.
One little time the flames bunched fiercely up,
but then fell down in tiny, popping sparks,
and flakes that dodged like chuckles up the flue.

You cannot even trust the very stars.
They fall and fall, and seem so serious
at getting to the crash, but then a cloud
comes curtaining down like Jove, and when all's clear,
the stars are lined up, smiling through their masks
of incandescent paint, and bowing down
to bright bouquets of light and cheering spheres
that celebrate the end of tragedy.

Marxism Today

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

■ The 110 years since the *Communist Manifesto* pronounced the "downfall of the bourgeoisie and the victory of the proletariat equally inevitable" have not dealt kindly with Marx's predictions. At wholesale and at retail they have failed to materialize. The very approach which claimed to make of sociology a "science" and lay bare "the law of motion" of industrial society has proved irrelevant.

Yet the other nineteenth century social thinkers and social critics remain buried in the textbooks, while the name of Marx has become a household word. Some reject him without knowing his work; others accept him in equal ignorance. There are lands where no intellectual dares approach his speciality except under a protective umbrella of quotations from Marx and from those calling themselves Marxists. The rulers of one third of mankind have raised him to Founder of the Faith by which they claim to chart their course. In the new nations of Asia many invoke his name though they know little of his doctrine. In the West—and these are the ones who will chiefly concern us in this article—a number of intellectuals continue to call themselves Marxists. And non-Marxists in the free world, if they do but study his writings dispassionately—as dispassionately as men can read things so charged with passion—are likely to recognize in him a great moralist and stylist, and a seminal thinker whose insights can still fructify the social disciplines (let us not fall into Marx's error of calling them sciences): history, sociology, economics, and political philosophy.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE, through such books as *Three Who Made a Revolution* and *Six Keys to the Soviet System*, is recognized as a leading authority on Marxism and Communism. He has appeared in the *Review* often, the last time with "'War is the Womb of Revolution': Lenin 'Consults' Hegel" in the Summer, 1956, issue.

The practitioners of these disciplines are today a little shamefaced about the fact that man's values must form a constitutive part of his examination of his own activities. Were it not for this false shame, political philosophy would not now be so nearly in eclipse. And it, too, would be acknowledging a substantial debt to Marx and his fellow utopians for insights in that branch of political philosophy which may be called social criticism, and which concerns itself with the imperfections of any society-in-being as measured against its own potentialities and against man's flickering yet undying vision of the good life.

II

More than a century ago, when Marx undertook to analyze industrial society and lay bare its "law of motion" and its destiny, he saw it heading towards immediate and total catastrophe. The cataclysm was mere days or weeks away. First it was to come with the next street skirmish. Then it was to come out of a war to be begun before the year was up. A little later, it was to come out of the next downswing of the business cycle ("the revolution remains as inevitable as the next crisis itself").

With a zeal, a fanfare, and an explicitness that no fortune-teller would risk, Marx was forever climbing out on a limb of prophecy, and forever falling from the dead branch. No other serious thinker of the nineteenth century was so frequently, egregiously, and totally wrong in his predictions.

Worse than the fate of his prophecies concerning wars, the fall of ministries, sovereigns, dynasties, and regimes, was the fate of his general law. Industrial society, he held, was destined to transform itself with great speed, indeed was even then completing its transformation, into a society completely polarized and torn in two as though by mitosis, a tiny handful of huge exploiters at one pole and an overwhelming mass of miserable, dehumanized, and outraged proletarians at the other. Proletarian misery and dehumanization were to become absolute. All other classes would be ruined and disappear into the proletariat. The outraged and the injured, having lost their last stake in society and their last semblance of humanity, were to rise in their wrath, expropriate the handful of expropriators, burst the integument of existing society, and humanize all mankind.

Today excluded from any stake in the nation, tomorrow the proletariat would "constitute itself the nation." That tomorrow was *tomorrow*, not some years or decades hence. (Even when Engels died in 1895 he still gave the old order "until the end of the century.")

The Communist Manifesto, which proclaimed the end of nationalism, was intended to serve as the program for the revolutions of 1848. But those revolutions proved to be the greatest explosion of national feeling that the world had known. Though the *Manifesto* had failed to touch the problems of German national unification, within a few weeks of its issuing, Marx and Engels, being Germans, made that problem a central concern. Indeed, it was to remain a central concern for most of the rest of their lives, until "the old boy, Bismarck, did our work for us."[1]

The proletariat, which in 1848 already "had no country to defend," would still be found in 1914, and once more in 1939, defending their respective countries. Indeed, nationalism was to prove the one cause for which the millions were ready to fight and die; and in the course of the twentieth century, it would spread from Europe, which was its home, to Asia and Africa, where the nation had hitherto been unknown.

When barricades and street fighting did not end "the system" in 1848, Marx began to call for war. *Die Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, which he was then editing, became the most warlike paper in Europe, indeed the most warlike in the whole history of European journalism. He called for war of the German people on Prussia, for war on all the German principalities, for war on Denmark, for war on Russia, for war simultaneously on Russia, Prussia, England, and Denmark at once.[2]

Until three years before Marx's death in 1883, he and Engels continued to take sides zealously in every "capitalist" war, while Marx urged unceasingly on Germany and England and France that they declare war on Russia. But in the final decade of his life, he began to catch a glimpse of the fearful outlines of the holocaust

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[1]I have treated this question in detail in an article on "Nationalism and Internationalism in Marx and Engels," which will appear in the December 1958 issue of *The American Slavic and East European Review*.

[2]Such calls for war are to be found in the *Marx/Engels Gesamtausgabe* (hereafter called MEGA for short), I/7, pp. 24, 30, 92, 181, 204, 354-5, 376.

that was to come in 1914. For his native land he felt that this would be "a 'defensive' war, not one of those newfangled 'localized' wars but a race war against the allied races of Slavs and Latins." He realized that its outcome would be uncertain; that the European civilization which he ambivalently loved and hated would be in ruins; that the nations would fight for their very lives and all the peoples would defend their countries. He lost his taste for war as an engine of progress. Three years before he died, he wrote soberly to the Russian Narodnik, Danielson: "A European war I would consider a terrible misfortune."

Engels had time to develop this feeling further. The twelve years remaining to him after Marx's death he spent largely in activities that can only be described in Lenin's language as "social pacifism"—an earnest effort to use the international socialist movement to avert the calamity. At the same time, he drew up plans for universal military service in a "popular militia" with "professional officers' cadres," to make Germany better able to defend herself if her existence were thus threatened. And he solemnly warned the French people that if they entered into an alliance with Russia for war on Germany, they would find the German socialists and workingmen rallying to the defense of their country. In 1891 he even urged on Bebel that the Socialists in the Reichstag should vote for the military appropriations that year since it looked as if war might be coming "next spring." So the last twelve years of his life were seriously dedicated to that "pacifism" and "defencism" which Lenin was to denounce in 1914 as "treason to Marxism."

Thus, by recognizing the error of some few of their positions and predictions, Marx and Engels became "the first revisionists." The Orthodox take unction from this as a sign that the founders were "scientific" and "no dogmatists," although they are loathe to touch whatever Marx and Engels left untouched, or to allow, with Marx and Engels dead, that there are any authorized revisionists among the living.

This revision was not limited to war and nationalism and changes in the timetable of revolution. Thus in 1850 Marx had assured the proletariat that it was a senseless "utopia" to expect "the slightest improvement in its position *within* the bourgeois republic." But in the sixties Marx began to hail the legal shortening of the

working day as "a consequence of the pressure of society" and as "the victory of a principle, in which the political economy of the bourgeoisie has capitulated to the political economy of the working class . . . as the result of a half century of civil war." If this makes us wonder what Marx can here mean by "civil war," our wonder is increased by his coming to recognize that in America, England, and Holland (Engels later added France), "the social revolution" (which of course had to be a *revolution*) might be achieved by peaceful democratic process, "barricades being unnecessary because there, if they but want to, the proletariat can win victory at the polls."

And after Marx's death, Engels, whose writings on philosophy had always been more extensive, more systematic, more explicit, and more "philosophical" as well as intellectually weaker than the aphorisms of Marx in that field, took it upon himself to admit in letters to disciples that Marx's and his economic reductivism had been one-sided and neglectful of the complexity and autonomy of institutions and the realms of the spirit—but then he took refuge in the evasive device that "in the long run" the economic or the material factor was "decisive."[3]

III

Whatever their reluctant revisions in the light of their experience with a recalcitrant and bewilderingly changing world, at the core of Marx's thinking and emotions there remained to the end an irreducible holistic and apocalyptic element.

Still he continued to think of industrial society in mythic Hegelian totalist terms as "the system." Still he persisted in believing that whatever defects he perceived were integral to the system and could not be removed defect by defect but only by scrapping the

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[3]It is noteworthy that Marx used the terms "materialist conception of history" and "dialectical" but never spoke of "historical materialism" or "dialectical materialism." These were of Engels' coinage, and it was Engels who expounded them. Marx never espoused a positive ontology or epistemology, either. Moreover, when Engels wrote to him that he was intending to read the dialectic into nature, Marx answered cautiously and a bit ironically that he "did not want to venture any judgment until he had had time to reflect on the matter and to consult 'the authorities,' " (Letter of May 31, 1873). Though Marx died ten years later, the "judgment" never came.

system and replacing it with another system. Still he was sure that he knew the framework of rigidities beyond which the most rapidly changing world in the history of man could not further change without a shattering of the hypothetically rigid framework. Still he assigned to a particular class the "mission" of shattering the framework. Still he was sure that he could descry, and at no great distance, a day of wrath and doom. Still he was insistent that continuous alteration (reform) changed "essentially" nothing—except that it prepared the chosen class by giving it more leisure for comprehending its "mission," which was not the elimination of recognizable evils (reform) but sudden and total transformation (revolution).

Volume I of *Capital*, the only volume that Marx completed, is possessed by this contradiction. The book contains rich treasures of empirical materials: historical sketches, studies of technology, analyses of the development of modern industry, statistical material, keen sociological observations. But great sections which derive from British Parliamentary Bluebooks testify eloquently to the awakening conscience of British society. A paean to the victory of the Ten Hours Bill and other social legislation tells the reader that the lot of the working class is improving, its power and organization growing stronger, its needs winning the support of all disinterested sections of society. "Capital is under compulsion from society." "The factory magnates have resigned themselves to the inevitable." "The power of resistance of capital has gradually weakened . . . the power of attack of the working class has grown with the number of its allies. . . . Hence the comparatively rapid advance since 1860."

This seems clear enough, and comforting. Then suddenly we run up against, at the volume's very end, the "conclusion" to all the empirical material: the general law or general line of the volume—"The Historical Tendency of Capitalist Accumulation." Capital, we learn, came into the world conceived in original sin, "a congenital bloodstain on its cheek, dripping with blood and dirt from head to foot, from every pore." And it is destined now, by the workings of "the immanent laws of capitalist production itself," to leave the world in a cataclysm. One capitalist kills many. The other classes are being proletarianized too.

> Along with the constantly diminishing number of magnates of capital . . . grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, ex-

> ploitation; but with this grows too the revolt of the working class. . . . The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production. Centralization of the means of production, and socialization of labor, at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated.

But was it for this that all the vast researches were undertaken and all the empirical material accumulated? This "conclusion" Marx had reached when he was but cracking the bindings on the first books on economics, back in 1844. The "general law" was up his sleeve before his concrete "investigations" began. Perhaps it is intended to seem more impressive now, surrounded by all this concrete material. But the material, far from bolstering, refutes the "general law"! The grand conclusion is but our old friend, the pre-economics prophecy of 1844: the prophecy of the imminent Apocalypse.

IV

In a sober moment, Marx had written: "No social order ever perishes before all the productive forces for which there is room in it have developed." This, alas, on examination, proves no more explicit than any other of Marx's sweeping generalizations. Nor any truer, as the Russian and Chinese Revolutions were to demonstrate. With singular perversity, history was to vouchsafe social revolutions in underdeveloped countries on the eve of industrialization, or only part way along the road, and was to deny them in the advanced industrial societies which Marx's law specifically dedicated to revolution.

Moreover, not only had the industrial society Marx knew not reached the end of its development in 1844—or in 1848 when he delivered the doom so stirringly, or in 1867 when he tacked it on to the empirical material that so largely contradicted it. Actually, the industrial society Marx knew was scarcely at the beginning of the development of its "productive forces."

That industrial revolution which Marx had studied—the change from manpower, animal, wind, and waterpower, to steampower, and from cottage handicraft to machinofacture—was but the first industrial revolution. It was to be followed by a second—the age

of electricity. And by a third, a fourth, and a fifth—conveyor belt, combustion engine, synthetic chemistry, electronics, automation, atomic fission, atom fusion. True, this latest revolution does seem to make a cataclysm unpleasantly possible, but it is not Marx's cataclysm.

In place of the polarization Marx had predicted, the very opposite has occurred. The intermediate classes that were to have been proletarianized have greatly changed their character and vastly multiplied. The industrial proletariat has lost in numerical weight in the total population but has gained greatly in status and in organized economic and political power. The service trades, which Marx contemptuously treated as sheer economic waste and as "parastic servitors to the parasites," have increased steadily in number and variety, and in the advanced countries have become servitors to the working population.

The state, too, has proved refractory. Supposed to be the "executive committee" of a numerically dwindling bourgeoisie, its democratization has made it ever more subject to the labor vote, farm vote, and vote of the intermediate classes. Out of labor's influence on government, and out of the general, quite classless, pressure of society as a whole, have come state regulation of economic life, legal limitation of hours, minimum wage, protection of health and conditions of labor, legalization of the right to organize, institutionalization of collective bargaining, and the whole sweep of security legislation. The French socialist, Paul Deat, has summed up this process as a "socialization of power." And the German socialist, Paul Lensch, having in mind that the working man has not only defended his country but has come to recognize that it is his primary field of activity, has written: "The state has undergone a process of socialization, while socialism has undergone a process of nationalization."

More startling is the series of economic novelties which have made the abstractions of the nineteenth century economists, Marx's as well as let us say Bastiat's, totally obsolete as modes of generalization and understanding. These include protectionism, currency manipulation, deficit spending, price floors and price ceilings, state fostered cartellization in one land and anti-trust prosecution in another, and, in vast areas of the world, autarky. Whether these

features are to be welcomed or feared, they have produced a world which makes the projections of Marx and his opponents alike irrelevant.

Unkindest cut of all, the worker himself has not consented to being increasingly proletarianized. He has displayed stubbornness, tirelessness, courage, skill, incapacity to recognize when he is licked, and the power to enlist the sympathy of the bulk of society, in fighting off this "prophetic assignment."

"It isn't a question," Marx had written, "of what this or that proletarian, or even the entire proletariat, may for a time *imagine* to be its goal. It is a question of *what the proletariat is*, and what that *being* will historically force it to do."

But unlike the declassed intellectuals who offered them leadership, the workers themselves have never been attracted to this "mission." They have had no stomach for being reduced to nought the better to prepare themselves for becoming all. It is *against this* that *their* "class struggle" is directed. Against this they have used their numbers, their solidarity, their influence on other parts of society, even their competition with each other. To win the suffrage, to exert influence and control over governments, to legalize and contractualize improvements in their "being" in the many hours of their lives that they spend in labor, to secure equal status and citizenship with the rest of society, to win some security and dignity within the "system," to become "something" in the world in which they have their "being," not "everything" in a world which exists only in the fantasy of the utopians of which Marx was perhaps the greatest—it is to these aims that they rallied. And to these aims modern society as a whole has rallied also.

As Hendrik Brugmans, Rector of the Collège d'Europe, himself a dedicated Socialist, has put it: "Those who 'being nought were to want to become all' become something, and the whole scheme loses its tidy outlines."[4]

V

The secret of Marxism's power to survive the shipwreck of all his prophecies lies in its inherently dual character.

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[4]From his suggestive introduction to the brilliant critique of Marx by Milorad M. Drachkovitch, *De Karl Marx à Léon Blum*, Geneva, 1954, p. 10.

On the one hand it claims to be a science. It claims to have made sciences out of history, sociology, economics, politics; to do for them what Darwin has done for the biological sciences; indeed, to do even more—to explain the past, make clear the present, foresee and control the future. But so badly has a century of actual history dealt with these claims that in the Western World where one is free to question, no Marxist intellectual now ventures to mediate between Marxism and the non-believer without a large measure of what the lawyers call "confession and avoidance." Indeed, when they are pressed, they are apt to discard one by one all the *results* arrived at by Marx's "method" and to insist only on the validity of the method. Thus we are confronted with a spectacle which would have astonished Bernstein and Kautsky alike: today all *orthodox* Marxists *in partibus infidelium* are at the same time revisionists—albeit reluctant ones.

If as a "science" Marxism has been stripped down to a "method" which has produced only invalid results, on the other hand, Marxism's staying powers lie in the fact that it is also an *ism*. There is no Lockeism, no Smithism, no Millism, no Weberism, no Durkheimism, no Micheletism, Rankeism, or Gibbonism, but there *is* a Marxism. It is an ideology in the precise sense in which Marx himself used the term. It is a creed, which can be clung to by faith where the intellect questions and rebels. It is charged with emotion, cannot be shaken by the mere refutation of any number of detailed matters; it is maintained by rationalizations, gives ground yet resists; it is filled with the thunder of denunciation and sustained by a sense of righteousness and the assurance of prophecy.

In an age prepared for by nearly two thousand years of Christianity but in which the faith of millions had grown dim and the altar seemed to them vacant of its image, Marxism arose to offer a fresh vision of the Last Things, a new hope of Apocalypse: a day of wrath when the mighty should be humbled and the lowly exalted; a new thousand-year kingdom of justice and freedom and happiness on earth; a world where life would lose its uncertainties and cease to play unexpected tricks on men. History was to be given a new meaning, a new goal, and a new end in Time (the "end of prehistory" Marx called it). A new integral faith and providential certitude were to guide man's uncertain steps and faltering thoughts.

The initiate were to be the new Elect, armed with both understanding and vision. And the "proletarian," the most lowly and humbled, becoming ever more abased and outraged and injured, was to be crucified, crowned first with thorns then armed with the vengeful lightning, to become, not only for his own class but for all mankind, the new Redeemer. Then at last man would become as God, master of his own destiny, maker of his own future, conscious architect of his world. Moreover, he would become, if not omnipotent, at least omnicompetent: the very division of labor which had made possible the modern world society was to be ended and man become whole.[5]

Thus Marxism attracts, as Henri de Man wrote of its attraction for him, because it seems "as certain as science, as integral as religion." Hebraic prophecy and Hebrew-Christian chiliastic expectations are syncretised with the worship of that Faustian demon of an earlier age which became the fashionable deity of nineteenth century worship: Science. The two powerful cults reinforce each other; according to the audience addressed, the Marxists of our day lean more heavily on the one or the other.

Yet it is hard to see what there is left of "science" in a method all of the prophecies of which have proved false and irrelevant. Surely it cannot be the three quotations, endlessly repeated, two from Engels and one from Marx, to the effect that their creed is no dogma but a guide to action, or that "I myself am no Marxist." A few reluctant revisions in the face of history's refutation can hardly be elevated into a simulacrum of the humble and tentative way in which real scientists advance and test hypotheses.

If there is anything "scientific" about Marxism beyond the invo-

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[5]"In the Communist society," Marx wrote, "where every one has no exclusive circle of activity but can train himself in any branch he wants to, society regulates general production, and just by that makes it possible for me to do one thing today and another tomorrow: to hunt mornings, fish afternoons, raise cattle evenings, criticize after dinner, in whatever way I please, without ever having to become a fisherman, a herdsman, or a critic." MEGA, I/5, p. 22.

It remained for a philosophical disciple of Hegel, Heidegger, and Marx, Herbert Marcuse, to add the final "existentialist" touch to the wonders of this utopia by suggesting that the change in the forms of ownership and regulation of industry would lead to "living without anxiety." (Introduction by Herbert Marcuse to Raya Dunayevskaya, *Marxism and Freedom*, New York, 1958, p. 10).

cation of the word, it lies in its critical and empirical observation of the society of Marx's day. But in this critique, Marx is in nowise superior to the other utopians who were his masters. Even the invocation of the magic word was common coin when Marx, not yet a Socialist, came to Paris to study their works. All of the utopians had the idea that they could make of their generous and value-charged criticism of the defects of the existing, and their speculative dreams of the perfect society, a "science."

Saint-Simon called his critique and vision "the science of universal gravitation." He wrote when Newton was still lord of scientific thought and gravitation its archetype. By the time Engels got around to making the same claim for Marx, Newton had just been dispossessed from the zenith by Darwin and gravitation by evolution.

Fourier called his critique and vision "the certain science." Proudhon called his plans for the construction of the future perfect society and his critique of the existing order "scientific socialism." And Marx and Engels, before they quarrelled with Proudhon and expropriated the term, were proud of this workingman autodidact and pleased to recognize in him "the founder of the science of national economy."

What distinguished Marx from the other utopians was a canny refusal to be detailed and specific about his utopia. But this was only true of his later writings. Now that history has made mincemeat of Marx's specific predictions and general "law of motion," the neo-Marxists of our day tend to take refuge in the more generous vision of some of his earliest work, much of it only recently published. However, in these early works Marx is as visionary as any other utopian.

VI

Today all neo-Marxists who must speak to those who are intellectually free are engaged in an enormous rescue operation. One branch seeks to rescue Marx's abstract model of the economy from the ravages of time; the other flees from the shipwrecked galleon of economic prophecy to the blessed isle of Marx's earlier utopian visions. The watchword of the one school is "Marx's method"; of the other, "Marx's humanism."

In Marx's writings there is a Marx for any circle one approaches,

for every changing fashion and mood. One has but to pick and choose. Since Marx was an aphoristic writer, orphic, sporadic and frequently self-contradictory rather than systematic, and since at his best he is a great stylist and deals with matters of deep human concern, his utterances have a resonance, reverberate in such fashion that a few of them may be made to go a great way. It is fatally easy to find one's self a minuscule body of quotations and enlarge them by repetition, contemplation, and exegesis. Chipping thus a fragment from a huge and roughhewn figure, the neo-Marxist proclaims: "Behold my Marx!" or "Behold the real Marx!"

The word "humanist" is tricky. Marx was more horrendous in 1844 to 1850 and became more humane and less in love with "terror" and "popular excesses" as he grew older. But there are more quotes for the "humanist" in the earlier writings. The trouble with those who would make of him a "humanist" or an "existentialist" in line with fashions of our day is that the tiny splinters they take are almost all from his earliest writings, things he set down before he was fully formed and had become the "economist" and "scientist" which was his pride and major claim. Always the same handful of quotations, striking aphorisms culled from an enormous amount of nonsense and scorn and spite. Always the same handful of quotations about *Entfremdung* ("alienation"), a term he derived from Hegel and sometimes used ironically "to make myself intelligible to the philosophers." To this is added a single, important concept from *Capital*, the concept of "fetishism." The whole "humanist" Marx can be printed in a single magazine article, but—with the exception of the truly important concept of fetishism—most of Marx's strengths and his weaknesses would alike be missing.

An honorable exception must be made of Maximilien Rubel, author of *Karl Marx: Essai de Biographie Intellectuelle* (Paris, 1957). He is the most attractive and the most learned of the neo-Marxist "humanists." He at least does not work with a handful of quotations out of context, but is a Marxicologist in the great tradition of Mehring and Ryazanov. He has pored over everything Marx has written—more than the two aforementioned Marxicologists, for some new manuscripts of the early period have only recently come to light. With the exception of the horrendous worshipper of terror, excesses, and war, and the unpleasant side of Marx revealed in his

letters and in the mockery and unjust polemics against some of those closest to him, Rubel has taken all his writings into the account. But he rescues Marx from himself by the simple device of refusing to believe Marx meant his arrogant, cocksure prophecies, his claims to foreknow the "inevitable" future, his pretensions to have made of the social disciplines exact sciences on the order of natural sciences.

Rubel's Marx is simply a great moralist (*éthicien*) and a great social critic, who has pondered deeply the defects of existing society, and the *possibilities*, not inevitabilities, of a better one. His Marx modestly tells the proletariat and mankind as a whole what they "inevitably" must do *if* they want, as he has faith that they "inevitably" must want, that "better society" which is his vision. Thus Marx is put back among the utopians which his pretensions to "science" taught him and Engels to patronize and scorn. The only trouble with this Marx is that it is the attractive and engaging Maximilien Rubel written large, and supplied with a great bush of beard, and not at all the Marx of the dogmas, quarrels, hatreds, envies, pretensions, and prophecies.

VII

For the other branch of neo-Marxists who would cling to Marx the economist and scientist, the rescue operation consists of efforts to explain, or explain away, the treacherous behavior of actual economic developments by treating each novelty of history as a "deviation" from the "essential" and the "lawful" and the "predestined in the long run." An effort is made to show that though there may be shoals, or even dry land or great mountain peaks, where there was supposed to be deep water, still the course the great pilot set was "essentially" right. "Sly history's" novelties do not make the old road map useless, they merely represent long and "explainable," if unexpected, detours.

> When a theory shows itself incapable of explaining or even describing reality, [writes Herbert Luthy] its believers set themselves to writing books where they explain why the theory remains sound at bottom all the same, and wherein reality has erred. Thus it is that pre-Keplerian astronomy hardened into an impenetrable thicket of auxiliary hypotheses minutely elaborated, tables of deviations, squarings of the circle, with the sole purpose of making room for the re-entry of the incompatible

results of new observations into the established system of geocentric astronomy or into the circular orbits of Copernicus.[6]

The theoretical economists of the nineteenth century, and Marx who was their disciple and their critic, worked with an abstract model of the economy which, in part deliberately and in part unconsciously, abstracted from such "aberrations" as state intervention and regulation, state fostering and restraining, nationalization, protectionism, currency manipulation, the influence of organized groups, legislated cartellization and legislated competition, enforcement by public or quasi-public bodies of quantities, qualities, price levels, import quotas and prohibitions, and the embryonic germs of the welfare state and autarky. Theirs was a world of autonomous economic forces, with free movement of men, money, goods, and ideas. The intervention of all these extra-economic forces they treated as negligible or as having entered into a permanent decline with the end of mercantilism.

This abstract model was still a useful conceptual instrument for approaching the world of the first half of the nineteenth century. But with the manifest decline of *laissez faire*, theoretical economics itself went into eclipse, since reality departed farther and farther from the models based on the "free" working of economic forces. Then came the age of the epigones, exegetes, and fragmentalists—men who worked on some fragmentary aspect such as statistical series, currency and budgetary manipulation, or the like. It was not only Marxism that was painfully lacking in original thinkers after the death of Marx.

Even when he was writing his *Capital* it was already becoming manifest that the public powers and organized groups were intervening in the "raw" or "autonomous" economic processes with ever greater scope and rigor, to regulate their consequences and alter their direction. Even when these efforts at regulation had, as they often did, consequences that were unintended, the "autonomy" of the economic process was nevertheless at an end. Whether *laissez faire* is regarded as a blessing insuring "eternal harmonies," or a curse on industrial society leading it straight to the jungle of civil

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[6]Herbert Luthy, "L'Histoire du Monde: Une Deviation?", *Preuves*, Paris, May 1958, pp. 68-78.

war, the abstract model which was a useful and not too far-fetched conceptual fiction when his masters were writing, had already become useless and increasingly misleading when Marx began his *Capital*.

In justice to Marx perhaps it may be noted that the first volume of *Capital*, the only one he himself completed, is but a fragment of his intended work. As he originally outlined his work it was to consist of six parts: 1. Capital; 2. Landed Property; 3. Wage Labor; 4. The State; 5. Foreign Trade; 6. The World Market. Though Engels threw some portions of manuscript intended for the later parts into Volume III, actually all three volumes are but an expansion of the first section of the projected study. Particularly section 4, on "The State" was never reached by Marx at all.[7]

Thus it is possible to imagine that if Marx had gotten around to his volume on "The State," an empirical study of its functioning might have made him recognize its growing role not only as a regulator of the conditions of labor but of the economy as a whole. However, with the exception of his remarks on English labor laws, there is little in his occasional *obiter dicta* and aphorisms on the state which would lead us to believe that he might so drastically have revised his outlook and his method.[8]

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[7]For an analysis of this point see Maximilien Rubel, *Karl Marx*, p. 333. For Marx's own statement of his plan see *Grundrisse der Kritik der politischen Oekonomie*, Berlin, 1953, pp. 29, 139 and 175; *Zur Kritik der politischen Oekonomie*, Berlin, 8th Edition, 1921, pp. XLVI and LIII; Marx's letter to LaSalle, Feb. 22, 1858 and his letter to Engels, April 2, 1858. When Marx was old and ill and had but two more years to live, Kautsky asked him about arrangements for the publication of his *Complete Works*, to which he responded sadly: "Those works—they will have to be written first."

[8]I have in mind not so much his childishly simple conception of the modern state as "the executive committee of the capitalist class," as his "philosophical" insurance against stumbling on the truth. He not only treated the economy as "autonomous," he held that it was determinative. It was the state that was not and could not be autonomous, but was determined as to form and function by the economy. From his first admonition to the Young Hegelians that "the state does not have primacy over private property but private property has power over the state" (*MEGA*, I/1, p. 498) to Engels' last protective retreat to the imprecise and evasive "in the long run," neither Marx nor Engels ever abandoned the view that the economy determines the nature and functions of the state.

Hence "orthodox" neo-Marxism has gotten farther and farther from reality, and has limited itself to expounding his doctrine as he left it, or, to cite Luthy once more, "to making an exegesis of the history of the world in so far as it is a history of the deviations from the Marxist schema."

As Hayek and Roepke have sought to keep alive the vanished dream of the eternal harmonies of Bastiat, so Hilferding, Luxemburg, Lenin, Bukharin, and Sternberg have sought to keep alive the eternal disharmonies of the in essence identical dream world of Marx. The epigones of the one school and the other still continue to feel at home in this world of abstract schemata for only there can they theorize freely and pleasantly abstract from both historical survivals and historical novelties, from all the extra-economic and non-economic factors that make the real world so complex, so unmanageable, so resistant and unpredictable. Actually, both schools live in a lost world, for what the later nineteenth century witnessed and the twentieth century has enormously accelerated, is the total breakdown of the usefulness of the concept of autonomous economic laws, and the total shipwreck of all the predictions that Marx derived from the assumption of their autonomy.

Two Ways

By JAMES LEIGH

Rounding a corner, you see yourself
for a split of time, in the half hello
of the man next door you hardly know.

Afraid of death in the night, you press
for life to one you know, and learn
from her pulse your final otherness.

JAMES LEIGH is working toward his master's degree in English at Stanford and is a professional jazz trombonist in San Francisco. A poem of his appeared in our Winter 1956-57 issue.

Hardened and Drawn

By JOHN BARDEN

■ "I don't see how you stood it." Gen. Martin Asmith motioned Sgt. Paul Sitwell into the small conference room connected with his office on the "C" Ring of the Pentagon. Sitwell waited respectfully. The General, big enough to fill the door, went in first. "You don't have the physique. Why, I could break you in two myself."

The slightly built Sitwell laughed a muffled laugh which sounded in his nose and committed him to nothing. He noted where Asmith intended to sit and took a chair opposite. The room was not wired in any obvious way, and Asmith did not direct him to a particular chair. There was a telephone at the end of the table.

"You have given us trouble, Sitwell." Asmith gave a pack of cigarettes capped with bookmatches exactly the right push on the satiny table surface between them. The pack stopped in front of Sitwell. "Some people think you were brainwashed."

Sitwell lit a cigarette, fanned the match out, and carefully placed the burned match-end in the clean glass ash tray. His silence had the oddness of a gong failing to ring when beaten.

"When you get as old as I am, Sitwell, you'll know the truth will out. You turned up in Hongkong with a Chinese wife after a year in Peking, so we have to ask questions. Why haven't you given us any answers?"

JOHN BARDEN, educated in law at the University of Chicago and Yale, has been a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*, a lawyer in New York, a soldier during World War II, an assistant dean and instructor at the University of Chicago, a director of the Great Books Foundation, a dean and professor of Political Science at Western Reserve University, a factory worker and union official, and a free-lance writer whose articles and stories have appeared in a wide range of popular and professional magazines. At present he is a development writer for Fenn College in Cleveland.

"I have."

"You mean that stuff you've been handing out all the way from Tokyo to Washington?"

"Yes, that stuff."

"About Pavlov's dogs and Hemingway's novels?"

"The truth will out."

The impertinences were outside Asmith's ordinary experience, and he treated them as curiosities. "You're going to have to give it to me straight, Sitwell. I don't understand it."

"You will when you're as old as I am." Sitwell's smile was sad. It deepened certain lines around the mouth, eyes, and forehead that would have been all right on a man of forty-five like Asmith who had suffered more than Asmith. The lines set oddly on the face of a man who, the records said, was only twenty-six.

"You realize we've detained your wife at San Francisco?" Asmith asked the question as if it were a pleasantry.

"Yes, but it's nothing to think about."

"She's a Chinese and a Communist—"

"She used to be a Communist."

"That's good enough. I can have her turned around and shipped back on either ground."

"She's as good to me in China as in San Francisco."

Asmith rubbed his right fist with the fingers of the left hand, lightly, studying Sitwell's thin, clever face. "Don't you like your wife, Sitwell?"

Sitwell stared back. "Mei-ling is a woman. Alone, neither of us was anything. Together we have made something. It's nothing anybody can take away."

Asmith flushed, and it bothered him. He pointed a forefinger at the cigarettes.

Sitwell slid the pack back. The gesture was just short of contempt. There was toughness in him, hardened and drawn in some moral and intellectual heat at certain calculated temperatures.

"Let's start with what we're reasonably sure of." Asmith abruptly shook three cigarettes half out of the pack, brought the pack to his mouth, and bit off one. He took his time lighting it. "After the plane crashed on the mainland, you spent two years in a Chinese prison camp. You were under interrogation, which for some periods

operated around the clock. There were in the same camp fellow-prisoners—Americans who ate better and slept regularly because they succumbed, or pretended to. We know this because we got one out—"

"That was Captain Schieffelin—?"

"Yes."

"Where is Schieffelin now?"

"What is that to you?"

"I thought he might be in a mental institution."

Asmith let a split-second pass. "Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I guessed."

"There are three people here in the Pentagon who know. Two people in Chicago—Schieffelin's family. And his name at the asylum isn't Schieffelin. I think you had better tell me how you knew."

"It's a matter of Pavlov's dogs."

"Now, look here, Sitwell—"

"Pavlov was a Russian physiologist," said Sitwell implacably. "He found that by sounding a given note on a tuning fork, then giving a dog some food, he could condition the dog to expect the food at the sound. The dog salivated at the sound even when there was no food. Pavlov lived until 1936. In 1937 some prominent Russians confessed they had betrayed their country to the Germans and they believed every word they said—"

Asmith smashed his cigarette in the ash tray. "Why do you keep changing the subject?"

"It's a large subject."

"I asked you how you knew Schieffelin's insane."

"It's what happened to Pavlov's dogs after too many conditionings."

"Never mind Pavlov's dogs," said Asmith tiredly. "Just answer the question."

"When Schieffelin's mouth watered, he got no food. When he thought he had either to sleep or die, there was a sentry with a bright light and a sharp stick to poke him awake. You follow this, General?"

"Maybe," said Asmith.

"I can say things about it that won't surprise you." Sitwell looked thoughtful. "Some men stop caring. They die. I'm not say-

ing they are weak. I'm saying they stop caring and they die. Others like Schieffelin fight it, but there's no use saying they're strong. They're not. They can't stop caring. They have to keep thinking, and they think about wrong things."

"Their duty was to escape."

"Most people need something thinkable." Sitwell wiped the ashy coals off less than a half-inch of cigarette in the ash tray, extinguishing it reluctantly like a man to whom a cigarette meant something. "You're probably a brave man, General. I say probably, because we never know, do we?"

Asmith exploded in an exasperated half-laugh. "Schieffelin told us you were crazy and that's how you pulled through."

"Why don't we leave it at that?"

"Because our psychiatrists tell me you're sane and always have been."

"Their questions told me what they wanted to hear, and I gave it to them." Sitwell grinned. "They're conditioned." His eyes left Asmith's and explored the room. It was an admirable room. There was nothing of interest in it.

Asmith said, irritably, "Schieffelin reported you talked to yourself."

"Yes, usually."

"When he last saw you, you were talking about a man named Philip, who had a club foot, and a woman named Millie, who was worse than she should have been."

"I remember that."

"You also talked about somebody called Jake Barnes. It was pretty confused because sometimes you were Jake. Then you were Philip or Millie. And sometimes you were a lady named Brett—"

"Sometimes I was only God," said Sitwell.

"There was one scene Schieffelin remembered that makes sense in a nonsensical way—now that I've read the books."

"Which books?"

"Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* and Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*."

"Uh-huh."

"In this scene you were Jake. Jake told Philip he could have got over Millie in a weekend in Paris. Jake said Paris could do that

for people. Then you were Philip. Philip mentioned money and his club foot and wept in a horrible, tearless way. You got sore at Jake. You told him he could have done the same thing with Brett—in time and, uh, perversity. Jake got sore and went off to a church to pray. Then you started a long, obscene prayer—Jake's prayer."

"Jake did things for me he never did for Hemingway." Sitwell's smile showed the skeletal construction of his face in a new, tight way. "Anything to take my mind off *me*. Schieffelin was in the hands of the interrogators. He was trying to make me think about things I didn't want to think about."

"Why was Schieffelin so easy?"

"He wasn't. It took months. Schieffelin was brave."

"What did they do to him?"

"I wasn't there, General. I was in solitary."

"You're good at guessing about Schieffelin."

"Did Schieffelin ever tell you who our interrogators were?"

"Yes, Chinese-American laundry types."

Sitwell lowered his head.

"Well, who were they?" demanded Asmith.

"Chinese Communist Army officers educated at American and Russian universities. Schieffelin's first mistake, probably, was contempt. The next step was hating them. Went that far myself. The next step—you're not going to like this, General—was loving them."

Asmith said, "I'm getting used to you, Sitwell."

"They would say, 'Aw come out of it, Schieffelin, you know you've always had socialist ideas. . . .' Any relevance that would set Schieffelin ranting."

"Relevance? What's relevant about that?"

"You'll see."

"Go ahead."

"Maybe they found out Schieffelin was from Chicago, so they would talk about Chicago. 'Ever wait for a streetcar in Chicago, Schieffelin? Cottage Grove, say, and 63rd Street? Remember all those five-passenger cars going by, one man in each? Passed you up, never even saw you, did they, Schieffelin? What about a society doing that to people, huh? So intent on the next buck they pass you up. What do you really think of a society wasting its energies on five-passenger automobiles for individuals? How about that, Schieffelin?' "

"Politics, for God's sake," said Asmith wonderingly.

"We were members of the U.S. armed forces," replied Sitwell evenly. "Nobody gets left waiting for streetcars in the U.S. armed forces. They're socialist organizations."

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Asmith.

"So Schieffelin would go back to solitary where he searched his life and his ideas—to make certain the interrogators weren't right, of course. This went on for days, nights, weeks, months. The effect, if you fight it this way, is anxiety. Anxiety liquifies brains. It's a solvent for souls. You dredge up incidents confirming the interrogators. Some really happened. Others are inventions of the imagination, but they flow together and are in convincing detail. So Schieffelin started composing a novel. The Soviet hero novel, in fact. Sooner or later he told the interrogators about it. There came a time when he couldn't think of anything else. They were glad—not right away but eventually—to help him out with ideas, rations, plenty of sleep, and maybe some bromide drugs. And so Schieffelin grew to love them."

Asmith let his face and a silence grow long enough to suggest skepticism. "Let's get back to something you know. What was Schieffelin trying to make you think about?"

Sitwell let him have the clincher. "One item was waiting for streetcars in Chicago." He watched Asmith absorb it. "I had to think about something else. Aloud, to throw Schieffelin off. To myself, or go the way of Schieffelin and Pavlov's dogs."

The faint clatter of typewriters somewhere could be heard.

Asmith said, "You handled your interrogators the same way you handled Schieffelin?"

Sitwell nodded seriously. "The same way."

Asmith's smile was thin. "Any particular reason why it had to be English and American novels?"

Sitwell shrugged. "I've read a lot of novels. For me they worked fine. The beatings they ordered put me in the hospital and told me they were licked. Also it was better in the hospital. Somebody had orders not to let me die. It was a bargaining point."

"Schieffelin was the only one left in the camp when our agent arrived. We know you were in Peking. Where were the rest?"

"Mylenski and Dillon died. I think the others were put on exhibition. I saw Demarow in Peking."

"What was he doing?"

"Lecturing."

"Why wasn't Schieffelin put on exhibition?"

"I think they weren't sure of him. A sizeable shock might have sent him back to the previous conditioning, or to insanity. Pavlov had dogs like Schieffelin—strong, excitable types."

Asmith stared. "He came around when our agent showed."

"Who was your man?"

"Just an agent."

"From Formosa?"

"I don't think we need go into that."

"Chinese?"

"Maybe."

"That would do it," said Sitwell. The lined smile showed again. "A Chinese spouting the American line. That would have been a shock to poor Schieffelin."

"He explained he'd been pretending." Asmith reached for another cigarette with a distasteful motion. He began pressing it into oval shape with his fingers. "What took you to Peking?"

"My literary interests."

Asmith, still ovalling the cigarette, looked up.

"I was introduced to some people there who could talk about English and American novels. And Marx, Lenin, and Mao."

There was surprise and absurdity in this. Asmith snorted.

"And the Chinese folk drama," said Sitwell. "And more Mao."

"Educated you, did they?" Asmith settled back, full of easy insight.

"They might have, in time. Education has done a little for me. Slowly. Always too slowly," said Sitwell as if admitting something. "But three meals a day were quicker. It's no accident that Pavlov started with bellies and almost incidentally wound up with brains. In no time at all, I felt gratitude coming over me." Sitwell let his eyes rest on the two stars at Asmith's collar. "You probably know about gratitude, General."

Asmith, put off balance, muttered, "It's something I suppress when I can." He kept working on the cigarette, almost flat now. "I've wondered why, exactly."

"It opens you up to suggestion."

"Ye-es. How did you get around that?" Asmith lighted the cigarette. "Or didn't you?"

Sitwell softened. "One of the people I was introduced to was Mei-ling."

Asmith was neutral.

Sitwell hesitated. "We gave each other something to think about."

"I understand you claim that she got you both out of the country?"

Sitwell nodded. "It was complicated, and things went wrong. She did most of the thinking and all the talking."

"How do I know you aren't agents for the Chinese Reds?"

Sitwell had been ready for this. "If we weren't, we would be useful to your organization, wouldn't we? Especially Mei-ling."

"You might, yes."

"And if we were Communist agents, your organization would be the target?"

"Maybe."

"Make us an offer."

"Suppose I did?"

"We wouldn't do it for love or money. Not even for love of the United States."

"You might have to."

"That will be hard to arrange, General. I can guarantee you more trouble than it's worth."

Asmith said, "We've been fairly helpless in this brainwashing business. Your experience can probably be taught. You could make a contribution in our training division—"

"Do you really want to teach GI's ways to resist conditioning? An expensive conditioning, if I remember basic training. A note on a tuning fork is like a sergeant's bark, only sweeter."

Asmith gave this a moment of angry thought. "You've been used to something else. Badly used. Our orders are reasonable."

"I had hoped," retorted Sitwell, "to find somebody who might know what to do with my story—and what not to do with it."

"Maybe you'd better tell it to a court-martial."

"I'll be glad to, though I don't know how far you'll want the story spread. Take another look at me, General. I've resigned from

all organizations. I'm proof against their indoctrinations and can pay the price."

"You know very damned well we can't do what the Chinese did to you. Do you have to be arrogant about it?"

"Yes," said Sitwell softly, "and I'm sorry, General. Schieffelin went mad, but I was lucky. I stumbled on a discovery. And when I say stumbled, I mean stumbled. Mei-ling had to tell me about Pavlov. But I know now what to do when pushed. Sure, I beat my chest and scream a little. I do it for the same reasons cocks crow at the dawn."

Asmith said wearily, "What *do* you want, Sitwell?"

"An honorable discharge, a ticket for San Francisco, and three years' pay."

"Before we even think about that I shall want your story in writing."

Sitwell glanced at the telephone, then back to Asmith's face. It told him nothing and thereby said too much.

Sitwell lifted the phone from its cradle and listened.

It was too late for Asmith to do anything.

Sitwell tapped the connection lever. It moved, but not far, fixed in an upward position. Looking at Asmith, he said into the mouthpiece, "I don't believe I have anything to add to what's on your tape, General."

He replaced the phone on its cradle, looking more than ever like a man hardened and drawn at searing heats.

"That's routine," Asmith said as if to comfort himself. "Standard operating procedure here."

"I understand," said Sitwell quietly. "It's the organization."

They faced each other and were done. Asmith was the boy and Sitwell was the man in the room, but Asmith would never know that and Sitwell would never care.

A day later Sitwell, with an honorable discharge in his pocket, presented a government transportation requisition at the Washington airport, and boarded a plane for San Francisco.

At Cocktails

For Fletcher and Inga

By JOHN CIARDI

Benny, the albino marmoset,
eighteen years old, balding, and arthritic,
crawls upside down in his cage by the geraniums,
his skin flaps heaving cords
and knots of labor.
Eighteen for a marmoset
is older than nature, longer than Law allows
acrobats to stiffen and heave
on perches hunted by such talons
as even the quick must answer to.
Benny
puzzles a man-face out against the mesh,
two million years away from the cocktail party
we left the tree to come to.
Two by two
we pause and look at Benny.
His life outside the Law
makes eyes from nature to decolletage.
A mistress mercy tends him as we watch,
curling him in her palm.
He,
coils and languishes, and then, put back,
grinds out his acrobatics for a grape
from this world into that, one mesh
further from or nearer
some reality
that martinis imagine in us or forget,
some day as it is with objects side by side,
looked at unequally by those pink eyes,
and ours, and thus, in fact, unequal.

JOHN CIARDI is well-known as a leading American poet. His latest book is *I Marry You* (Rutgers), his next will be *How Does a Poem Mean?* (Houghton Mifflin). He is Poetry Editor of *Saturday Review*, Director of the Bread Loaf Writers Conference, and Professor of English at Rutgers.

Two Poems

By DUANE QUIATT

The plains resembled green; they lie behind us.
Here at the river's edge is only rock.
What petals cluster on this hanging ledge,
Dimly reflected in the sullen water,
Are brown-veined, lifeless, crushed release no fragrance.
Where stars should be, an endless reach of black,
Our guarantee that pity shall not find us,
Portends no rain, no blood-squalls, and no bitter
Tears; here silence is our only weather.
No hoofbeats here, no sound of angry wings—
O do not look so fearfully at the river,
But see the happy end of our quick brilliance;
The birds that rise in this place *have* no wings;
They leave the air more motionless than ever.

I have seen the rain blow down
In drops as full as buckets, drown
The geese and fill the horsetrough; rain
Like that will surely never come again.

I can still remember when
The sun stood over what had been
A place of reeds and frogs, and just
In ten short days it burned it into dust.

Younger men than I am must
Recall a year when winter's crust
Hung on till June in shadows where
It half escaped the summer's stolid stare.

Laugh at old men if you dare,
But I believe them when they swear
Less wet, less dry, less hot, less cold,
The weather slowly grows as we grow old.

DUANE QUIATT was born in the upper peninsula of Michigan and at present lives in Ann Arbor. This is his first appearance in print.

■ WE NOTE

American in Burma

By PAUL BIXLER

Just where the Burmese woman gets her freedom seems lost in antiquity. But that she has been accustomed to more freedom than her sisters in China, India, and elsewhere in Asia and that she can handle it has been on the record for a long time. It is hard for a mere man, East or West, to weigh judiciously the degree of her freedom or the depth of its influence. Certain European male observers in the nineteenth century were so shocked at what they found in Burma that they came away convinced that the country was a matriarchy. Any such idea is nonsense. To say that the Burmese woman is free is not to say that she is dominant.

Some women run their own business concerns here and some are shrewd and hard-working proprietors. The promoter of a large newly proposed, and much needed, hotel in Rangoon is a woman. So also is the owner of one of the largest local cinema houses—who, incidentally, because of her wealth was kidnapped last year and held several weeks for ransom. It is not considered inappropriate for a woman to run any kind of enterprise. There is no social distinction on this score, and the freedom of female proprietorship runs downward all the way to the smallest teashops, which dot not only the downtown streets of Rangoon but the outlying areas as well. To a Westerner, one of the cruder marks of the Burmese woman's freedom is the fact that she can and sometimes does smoke cigars, or what are known here as cheroots, and that she can enjoy this solace not only as she performs the household chores or looks after the children at home, but also as she walks along the highway.

Most Burmese women give first place in the home to their husbands. But it is no real contradiction to say that woman's freedom in Burma is established in the institution of marriage. In spite of the influence of family, marriage for love is possible, and if a match cannot be arranged in advance with go-betweens and family approvals, there is an acceptable tradition which includes elopement. Marriage is looked on as the joining of a young man and a young woman to build a home of their own. It is

a civil contract, a partnership in which the woman has equal property rights with the man.

The equality continues on into areas of separation and divorce. A marriage may be dissolved, just as it has been established, without great difficulty. If one partner wishes a divorce against the other's desires, he or she pays for the privilege of dissolution with goods or money. But a woman is presumed to take with her in a divorce not only whatever property she or her family contributed to the marriage but half of all the assets which have accumulated in its duration.

The institution of polygamy is not proscribed in Burma. But the payoff in woman's freedom is this: a man cannot take a second wife without the consent of the first one. Polygamy is possible but is hardly a common social practice.

The Burmese woman's freedom must have ancient roots. There is some evidence that Buddhism was an inhibiting influence. One tradition has it that the Lord Buddha looked on female freedom as prejudicial to the continuation and future stability of his religion. Today there are Buddhist nuns, but they occupy so insignificant a place as compared with that of the *phongyis* (monks) that one is hardly aware of their existence.

There is other evidence of Buddhist discouragement of woman's freedom. Elementary education, except for private schools, has long been the special province of the *phongyis*. They run the lower schools, and with their long-time hold on "public" education, they have helped establish what is probably the major modern discrimination against Burmese women. Except for girls of the upper class who can afford tutoring and advanced learning, female education has traditionally stopped very short. Evidence is seen in recent national figures of literacy: fifty-six per cent of Burmese men are literate compared with only sixteen per cent of their wives and sisters. In the modern world, of course, not even a formidable tradition will enable women to maintain their freedom if educational opportunity is withheld. Evidence at the University of Rangoon, however, would indicate that the younger female generation, encouraged by a democratically-minded and nationalist government as well as by their own traditional sense of freedom, will presently be taking care of any such problems of discrimination.

In my view no discussion of the Burmese woman's freedom can be dismissed without paying tribute to the *eingyi*, an upper garment which to this man's eye is the most attractive bit of woman's apparel to be seen anywhere in the world. The *eingyi* has to be seen to be appreciated. The nylon of which it is made covers all of the upper torso (even down to the wrist with older women), and depends for its beauty on soft, round

shoulders and arms, which Burmese women have in excellent proportion, and on a delicately shaped bodice underneath with fragile shoulder straps to set it off (on which I doff my hat to the dress designers). It is interesting to note that not so long ago when the jacket's more transparent nylon was introduced to replace the traditional cotton, the *phongyis* tried to discourage the girls from wearing the new material by slashing the cloth and exposing their bare flesh—but that their campaign came to naught.

The *eingyi* conceals all, it reveals all. It fits exceedingly well with the usual woman's *longyi* or soft, pleasantly tight (as seen from the rear) skirt. Yet it is not so much the individual costume which constitutes the phenomenon as it is the fact that the dress is inexpensive, that every woman can own one, that she inevitably looks well in it, that the jacket can always be made clean and fresh looking. The *eingyi* does something for every woman, old or young, and well over half the ladies in Rangoon wear it every day. It is thoroughly refreshing to pass through the cluttered streets and dingy by-ways of this city on a steamy day and there to be able every few feet to look upon one or more ladies who are obviously cool and delightfully unruffled. I have tried to analyze my feeling about this phenomenon: for me these women and their dress have something of the quality that the young women of two generations ago had in their white shirt waists, long skirts, with parasols in, say, Kensington Gardens or Central Park—except that there is lacking here any quality of late Victorian play acting. This is simply the way these women, young or middle-aged, like to appear in public. I find it remarkably appealing.

Personal servants play their part in the structure of Burmese society. For many foreign advisors and for top Burmese in government or business, one's personal life is governed by the fact that he may have as many as six servants attached to him. There are, respectively: a cook, who is top dog; a driver (of one's car), who, being out of the house most of the time, is relatively independent; a mali, who cuts the grass with a dah (a big, wicked-looking knife) and looks after the garden; a durwan, the night watchman or personal security officer; a sweeper-bearer, who waits on table, keeps the house looking ship-shape, and who sometimes aspires to be cook; and a wash-nanny, usually the only woman in the crew, who does the washing and looks after the young children.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the servants have to adjust to each other; by the fact that Indians, usually more aggressive than the Burmese, have invaded the system, and that there are occasionally such contretemps as Burmese-Indian relations. The latent powder

in each little servant organization doesn't always show up until there is a crisis whereupon group relations blow sky high, and the management has to placate, fire, or regroup the outfit.

The servant system impinges more on the woman of the house than on the man. American women, more accustomed to do-it-yourself (with a little outside help on Friday mornings) than to personnel management, are frequently torn between the warm personal relationships which normally grow up around employer (American) and employee, and the concurrent responsibilities and frustrations. It may be inevitable for an American couple in a strange land to become known as "mummy" and "daddy" to the countless relatives of their servants. (The familial system, incidentally, is Burmese but the terminology, if I can judge, is a legacy left by the British.) But the responsibility of refusing to advance the mali any more kyats (pronounced "chyats") because he's already borrowed to the hilt, or of firing the cook just because he's lousy when you know he has four kids, is sometimes just too much to take without wishing you could dump the whole system in the Rangoon River.

The servant system itself is obligatory and fairly tight; if you are of a certain position and should be able to afford the expense, you are expected to have not three servants or none or what you will, but six. Cooks, as the elite of the group, are the best paid—with the possible exception of some drivers, who profit from overtime; and if my impressions are correct, cooks move around more often from employer to employer and there is some competition among employers to get the best—though I think a definition of "best" would be open to dispute.

My notion of drivers is undoubtedly prejudiced by the fact that for a time we had on loan the best one in Rangoon. This little gnome of a man is the personification of alertness and loyalty, and it is my contention that if Burma had 10,000 more of his calibre, the rest of South Asia would be nowhere by comparison. He is said to have some South Indian blood in his veins, but his loyalty to Burma is second only to that for the organization for which he works. In spite of the fact that he was only temporarily attached to us, we ran a good third in his loyalty lexicon, though he would be much embarrassed to have his loyalty graded. His name is Maung Thaw Dar, and in his case the practice of using the name in full when addressing a person fits perfectly. ("Maung" is something like "Mr.", but might be interpreted as "Equal" or "Brother." If a Maung lives past his youth and becomes respectable and distinguished he becomes a "U"; hence U Nu and many others.)

We are pleasantly disposed toward all wash-nannies too, for after one false beginning, we now have one of the best. She is a Karen, she

speaks excellent English, and she can wash and iron a shirt perfectly without any special admonition. She is young, married, and has one child, and to top it off, she is pretty to look at—which is not a job requirement, but helps.

The sweeper-bearer, as one might guess, serves the food and drink, dusts, sweeps, scrubs the floor, and does the inside work. His job description calls for two rather diverse qualities not usually encompassed in one man. A good sweeper is a hard worker, getting down on his hands and knees and using plenty of elbow grease. A good bearer, on the other hand, is a man with an air of distinction, a fellow who handles his work with flourish and aplomb. One recalls that even in the Bible, Martha and Mary were two people, not one. Employers, by and large, do not ask the impossible, and when it comes to the sweeper-bearer, they are satisfied with moderate efforts, plus of course, the *sine qua non*, that he stay out of the cook's hair.

Durwans and malis hold jobs which have such well defined statuses that they have about them the air of the medieval guild. Most malis (I think they are all South Indians) wear a recognizable type of dress—a loosely wound turban of white on the head, and a larger white garment, chiefly distinguished by the fact that its lower part is gathered around the thighs, probably for ease of movement. Their principal instrument is the dah, which they frequently sharpen on the nearest concrete pavement, but they also use an enormous, heavy instrument like an overgrown hoe and some other tools that look clumsy but probably are simply heavy since everything is done by hand with tools that require a swinging of the arms. They are always barefoot and they use their feet or toes like an extra tool, for example, to stir up the soil.

Most malis, if I can judge from observation, are stolid, solemn fellows who follow the seasons closely and slog it out on their particular line if it takes the rest of the summer. But ours is something else, a bit of a screwball and a playboy. We see him at odd times down at the corner teashop passing the time of day with servants from other houses. He is strong as a bull and works hard, but he is always asking for time off or for another advance of kyats. He has dug up our yard all over the place, but he hasn't planted anything yet except in some pots. Although our mali works the ground like other malis, he seems scarcely of this earth. He is a pixie, and whether he will ever make anything more out of our thoroughly watered "compound" than a desert, I have no idea.

Durwans do not necessarily dress alike, but they do fraternize with their own kind, and this may be because of their hours—9 p.m. to 6 a.m. There is some violence here in Burma and it seems often to be directed

at individual households (though not usually at Westerners). For example, the household of a High Court Justice, located a few doors from us, was held up and robbed not long ago, and there are similar accounts appearing in Rangoon newspapers on an average of perhaps once a week. Nearly all substantial houses in Rangoon have bars over the windows and heavy iron gates instead of doors at the entrance designed to be drawn to and padlocked after nightfall.

Though we live in Golden Valley, one of Rangoon's select residential areas, our backyard leads off into what looks like pretty rough country. Our house had never been lived in before, and in clearing the old growth from the backyard shortly after our occupancy, the servants on successive days killed a poisonous green viper and a scorpion only a few steps from the house. But it is the bandits (or *dacoits* as they are called here) from which we are supposed to get protection. At the direction of Maung Thaw Dar, we bought our durwan a big flashlight and a gong. If you get up at night and move around, your durwan will cough (this is regular practice) and/or swing his flashlight about to let you know he's on the job. Maung Thaw Dar says that ours is "a good man." I can believe him, for from 9 p.m. on he is always here and I have never yet caught him asleep even at such an unlikely hour as 4 a.m.

The durwan is supposed to strike the hours of the night on his gong. His sense of time and the type of instrument given him produce varied results. If you happen to be wakeful during the night (i.e., if the neighborhood pariah dogs start howling or the crows cut loose in a nearby rookery), you can hear now near, now far, a succession of sounds emanating from what may seem to be anything from musical dishpans to a production by J. Arthur Rank. These instruments are struck with widely different cadences, and occasionally at what seem to be odd hours.

No man can be so cold and sophisticated as to be unappreciative of some aspects of this social system. A few days ago I attended the funeral of an American who gave the last years of his life to guiding the administration of a technical institute a few miles north of Rangoon. Several hundred of his students and teachers and other friends came to the church service and many of them afterwards filed to the front to take a last look at the dead man. Toward the end of the procession came several of the family's servants, and one of them—I think it was the mali—after his hesitation at the bier, turned toward the man's widow in the front row and gravely and sadly saluted her. Nothing else in the ceremony—not the prayers, the singing, or the eulogy—fit the occasion quite so perfectly.

One can't very well get around the servant system if one has a job

to do, like most of the working foreigners and the top Burmese. All the servants need work and they need the money, and many of them wouldn't be able to find it otherwise. They get anywhere from 90 to 180 kyats a month,[1] about $20-$40; they and their families don't starve (nobody starves here) but they certainly don't live well. The relation between employer and servants is close, too close really, for perhaps the worst factor is the dependency in it. No one should be in such a dependent position. I presume the long-run solution is to put the Burmese economy on such a firm basis that these people would be drawn off gradually into farm work (Burma will be fundamentally agricultural for many years to come) or into business or industry. Technical skills are not yet widely distributed in Burma, and even in farming, where there is some know-how, much modern improvement in technique is called for; and even so, the servant system, reinforced by the customs of centuries, may not be easily broken when the time seems opportune to attempt it.

Some time after I had written notes for the previous paragraph, the Rangoon *Nation* printed a story about some unionized office employees who had gone on strike against their employer, a foreign advisory group, for a retroactive pay bonus. As a secondary strike weapon, the group had also pulled off the job all the personal servants of the staff members of the advisory group. The "embargo" on the servants continued for several weeks under threat of reprisal if any of them returned to work. The side effect of this tactic, forcing the servants to exchange a personalized kind of dependence for one (on the union) that was both impersonal and uncertain, seemed cruel, but the event pointed up as no other has here the gap that exists between a feudal or rural labor system and one that strives to be modern and industrial.

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[1] I have no figures for current industrial wages, but in 1952 the median wage for all permanent industrial workers in Burma was about 100 kyats a month.

■ WE NOTE

Becoming an American Abroad

By ERLING ENG

Recently Jacques Maritain quietly observed that we Americans did not seem able to make clear to the rest of the world what being an American means. Consequently we were having greater success in exporting the products and techniques of our civilization than the values and principles through which they flourish and which they but imperfectly represent. Then he suggested, with gracious irony, that the American identity seemed to lie in having no identity. Here I recall the observation of a German acquaintance who deplored the tendency of today's German youth to pick up "the less desirable features of American life," like rock-and-roll and its popularly associated appearances and behaviors.

After three months of living in Europe (for the first time) with my family, I can imagine no better way of coming to recognize, for good or for ill, what it means to be an American. It is happening to and with each one of us, my wife, my two daughters, ten and fourteen, and myself. Without wasting too many words about it, each one of us is undergoing this discovery in a different sort of way. There just don't seem to be the contrasts at home to realize this sort of thing; when one is inside America it seems more important to put the emphasis on diminishing the differences. And we can't afford the premature definitions of a Senator McCarthy that would exclude the contribution of any group or element, and any clear definition at this point risks being premature. I find myself using the metaphors of fermentation and winemaking in trying to answer the questions of European friends about Little Rock.

Last night I became absorbed in a tape-recorded American language broadcast about the Supreme Court in the present integration difficulties. Now I can imagine a school of American studies for Americans abroad. It seems to me that there is perhaps a kind of unwitting chauvinism in the studies of a country solely from within its borders. Of course there are some for whom such a school would simply take away the pleasures of making these discoveries from abroad for themselves.

These discoveries often occur in strange ways. I usually seem to realize an American assumption only as the outcome of an incident with a dismaying effect on my patience or pride. For example, I think of the *contretemps* I experienced with the library assistant at the university here in Innsbruck. As soon as I entered the catalog room one day I was, in furiously spoken dialect, ordered to leave. After several enquiries I discovered that I had neglected to check my topcoat and umbrella downstairs. After I had checked them I noticed a glass case in the foyer where, in splendid insulation it seemed to me, the new books of the week were on display. Then I discovered that it took from a half to a whole hour to secure a book from the stacks. All of these discoveries seemed part of some systematic order and, at the moment, an order of which I was the somewhat helpless object. Now I think of the comment made in the discussion of the Supreme Court last evening about the Court's emphasis on the rights of the individual in their decisions. On the other hand I think I could now discuss what happened in the library in terms of the values that were being upheld on "the other side." But that is not so important here. I had bumped into a series of obstacles in the dark, as it were, and had been obliged abruptly to learn a little bit of what I have for so long taken for granted.

It is not a very pleasant kind of experience to repeat, and after it happens a few times even reflections on the character of education, reflections dear to the teacher, begin to pall. Then it seems utterly ridiculous, if not downright mad, to uproot oneself and one's family from our natural habitat in the United States to live for a year in another country. At such a time the French people, with their love of country and lack of interest in emigration, seem eminently sane and human.

There is a difference between being a traveler abroad and being a temporary citizen of another country, just as there is a difference between being more or less separated from one's countrymen abroad and living or traveling with a group of one's fellow countrymen. The traveling tourist is often insulated by his notions of the country he is in, while his imperfect use of or complete ignorance of the language gives him scant opportunity to acquire fresh views within the short period of his stay in one place. The temporary citizen on the other hand, with his sallies into the language and the world of those about him, finds himself in an even more grievous plight. Because he must, and because he will, use the new language he becomes embroiled in situations beyond the traveller's reach. Yet unless one prefers life in a cotton wool castle it is necessary to learn to walk the rope bridges of another language, however precariously they tremble in the air with our first steps. Speaking is

perhaps the most basic way of developing a relationship as a grown person, and for people of another country your knowledge of their language is almost a sign that you are a human being.

The comfort we Americans take from the ability of others to speak English is a kind of fool's gold. With persistence in this illusion one can discover that acquiescence in such one-way understanding has its implicit price, not merely in money terms in the short run, but in a subtle ignorance of the other and of ourself in relation to him in the long run. If we do not choose to learn the other's language then we must be content to suffer his image of us, since we do not have the chance to discover, to ourselves and to him, who we are in relation to him; we do not use his language in which he feels most at home and can most "be himself." The facile use of commercially effective phrases, on the other hand, gives only a deceptive and confusing appearance of *conversation*. By not knowing the language of "the other" one limits, paradoxically enough, the range of discoveries of who one is as a person and as an American in another country.

I have said something about being more or less alone as Americans in another country in contrast to living with other Americans. I think of what it was like for a year on an Army base in India during the last war in comparison with our family life in Innsbruck now where there are few resident Americans. I think of the detached impression of American Army life I got while visiting Munich, and the observation of a German friend in Bremerhaven concerning the apartness of the American forces there. There is no question of anything but cordial relationships, simply a matter of preference for sharing experiences with people who share one's language and background. I think I have some reservations about travelers from a single country going about as a large group: the group unity is more likely to be used in a self-protective way in the strange country. Then the national characteristics of the travelers come out or withdraw to such an extent that they appear either defiantly aggressive or ashamed of their nationality. As the numbers of European tourists in Europe have increased, these typical extremes of travelers' reactions are no longer viewed as characteristically American features of American tourist behavior.

It is an old observation that one finds the place one left in the country to which one comes, and that this rediscovery is the most important thing one can bring back. The paths on which one actually experiences this seem at first to be leading in an utterly wrong direction, in the direction of loss rather than of discovery as one becomes more open to the life around one. This loss, or rather apparent loss, of standpoint

in relation to the world around one introduces a great deal of meaninglessness for a while, and yet the capacity for this meaninglessness seems necessary if one is ever to understand "the other." What a shabby illusion of meaning the guides provide for us, in whose presence everything assumes a self-conscious, camera-aware kind of immobility!

Now I can imagine the difficulties some technical assistance workers must have in some foreign countries. They are there to *give* first of all; yet the real giving—that which has a real receiver—can occur only to the extent that the givers are receptive to the country and the people in which they find themselves. This is how people come to be leaders, able to give something of value to the people of their group, and it would also seem to be of importance for a technical assistance program. I am not familiar with the outcomes of such programs, but I would not be surprised to find evidence of "ingratitude" and even negative feelings in the wake of programs involving personnel who had not learned to to take, to receive, to accept from the people among whom they lived. Perhaps that is the lesson that the intense hospitality of some of our European friends has been trying to teach us. Perhaps that is why foreign travelers have been either venerated or feared in history, because of the strange effects they can have for good or for ill, depending on whether or not one offers them something of one's own, and whether or not he truly accepts what is offered.

I heard another program on the radio last night. It was a tape recorded interview with the leader of a group of Tyrolean singers from Kitzbühel near Innsbruck. The interview took place in New York City where they are beginning a two and one-half months tour across the United States. They were struck by the size of the buildings in New York City and the great distances between their engagements. At the time they were especially pleased with the thought of a coming performance before the United Nations Organization. And, while they sang a few sample bits from their program, I positively swelled with pride.

■ BOOKS

Footnote on Lenin and Some American Writers

By ESTHER COREY

As part of the Soviet Fortieth Anniversary of the Great October Revolution, *Innostrannya Literatura* (Foreign Literature)[1] published a number of "documents," including facsimiles of notes by Lenin (1919-1921), taken from the archives of the Marxist-Leninist Institute. The whole article is titled "Lenin and the Foreign Writers," and a long introduction says that "the documents show how Lenin helped foreign writers become acquainted with the activities of the Communist Party and the Soviet State."

The article includes the comments of Lenin on the margins of a book by H. G. Wells. It also includes remarks by the magazine's editors on the American Albert Rhys Williams, but no comments on him by Lenin.

The basic material of the article centers in the hand-written comments by Lenin, most of which have been reproduced in facsimile. Since my own interest is in the Americans, I shall concentrate here on such documents as relate to Lenin and the Americans. Actually the documents are few and brief—a feature which may be attributed perhaps to the pressures on Lenin as an administrator. Another characteristic of the article, however, the lapses in interpretation which appear hereinafter, may be attributed to the magazine editors' isolation or lack of knowledge.

The documents on John Reed, author of *Ten Days That Shook the World*, are among the briefest. There are reproductions of two "permits to John Reed": one to enter the jails in Petrograd to interview prisoners, the other to Smolny—passes not unusual at the time. Lenin's notes relating to Reed are equally short. On August 17, 1920, two months before Reed's death, Lenin's secretary Fotiyeva wrote to Lenin: "Reed asks to receive him today. For five minutes. Very important business. Nine o'clock?"

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[1]Publication of the Union of Soviet Writers, No. 11, 1957.

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Lenin answered on the secretary's note: "After the meeting of the Council of the People's Commissars."

The same night another secretary, Glasser, intervened on Reed's behalf: "Vladimir Ilyich will probably not receive Reed—it is late. Will the request still hold? Reed is in the room waiting for a phone call. (By the way, he has learned Russian splendidly.)"

Again on the secretary's note Lenin wrote: "If he pleads hard and for *five* minutes, let him come right away."

Possibly to soften the impersonality of these documents, the editors in a footnote append a quotation from Granville Hicks' *John Reed*, a full-length biography written for the Communist Party of America (1935) but never translated into Russian:

> Often Reed went to visit Lenin in his apartment in the Kremlin, and Lenin was glad to see him, not merely because he liked the gay alertness of the young American. He commended Reed's decision to live in a working class quarter, telling him it was the best way to learn Russian and to know Russia. . . . They talked on all kinds of topics, sometimes till dawn, and Reed felt the humanity as well as the greatness of the man.

In the article there follow other documents. On September 20, 1920, Reed wrote an extended letter to Lenin asking him to grant an interview to his wife, Louise Bryant, "a representative of influential papers in America." He concluded the letter: "Please have someone telephone me at Room 7, Dielovoy Dvor, and let me know if this can be arranged."

On Reed's letter Lenin wrote to the Commissar of Foreign Affairs:

> Comrade Chicherin!
>
> Is it worth while? Shall I grant? I don't know what to write and how.

Less than a month later Reed died, and on the following day, Kobetski, then Secretary of the Comintern, wrote Lenin:

> Much respected Vladimir Ilyich!
> Am sending you the report of the physician on the illness and death of John Reed. . . .

The author of *Ten Days That Shook the World* was dead. (His body, viewed by thousands, was to lie in state for seven days, and then be buried under the Kremlin wall.) But Lenin, always one to get on with the work, answered, according to the published document:

> Comrade Kobetski!
>
> 1. Your report (that is, the report of the physician you sent me) and the note should be translated and sent abroad.

2. Who is in charge of the Hotel Lux? Its remodeling for the Comintern? The management part?

Lenin 18/x

Six months later Reed's widow, Louise Bryant, asked Lenin for an interview before leaving for the United States. On her note, as printed in the article in facsimile, Lenin wrote to his secretaries:

18/III
Louise Bryant is asking for an interview. Remind me tomorrow—and then again.

Three more documents involve Bessie Beatty, an American newspaperwoman who had been in Russia during the Revolution. She persistently tried to get an interview with Lenin. Suddenly came a telephone call from Lenin's office: the interview was granted.

She came with an interpreter although Lenin spoke English fluently. Later she was to admit that she was not prepared to answer Lenin's serious questions on women's rights and on the International Women's Movement. Attempting to interview him in the American newspaper manner, she asked, "What do you do when you are alone with yourself?"

Lenin burst into laughter. "I have so much to do and I get so tired," he said, "that as soon as I am free, I rush to bed."

But a few days later a mortorcyclist arrived with a note to Miss Beatty's interpreter:

Comrade Krasnoshchokova:

It appears that Beatty who came to see me is the author of the book *Red Heart of Russia.* Is it possible to get it for me for a few days to look it over? And perhaps Beatty has other books, pamphlets. Or a few of her articles on various subjects. If it is not too difficult I would like [to see these] very much.

With Communist greetings,
Lenin

Krasnoshchokova hurriedly rushed a copy of Miss Beatty's book to Lenin. Two weeks later it was returned with a letter:

Comrade Krasnoshchokova:

Am sending my corrections. I am not well and beg to be excused. I gave it a very quick look and am writing in a hurry. Ask Mrs. Beatty to forgive me, also the postponement of the meeting for the photograph.

With Communist greetings,
Lenin

"The author and I," writes Krasnoshchokova in another article in this same issue, "tried for a long time to figure out the corrections, but his handwriting was illegible."

Other documents, concerned with Louis Fraina, are more fully developed and hold greater interest. When Fraina came as an American delegate to the Second Congress of the Comintern (he represented the Communist Party, Reed the Communist Labor Party), he brought with him his *Proletarian Revolution in Russia*, a collection of articles by Lenin, Trotsky, and himself.

Because these articles were their first appearance in English translation, Lenin was much impressed. He believed that more Soviet writing should be translated into English and suggested that Fraina select the material. In evidence is the following document—a directive written on formal stationery and fully signed:

> RSFSR
> Chairman of the Soviet of Labor and Defense
> Moscow, Kremlin
> 17. VIII. 1920
> To All People's Commissars and Members of Boards!
> For Comrade Louis Fraina who is remaining in Moscow for some time and who is the author of extremely useful literary works (about bolshevism, its history and tactics) in the English language, it is necessary to find a few comrade translators from Russian into English for continuous work with him. One may use nonparty members. I request that search be made for suitable translators who know the English language perfectly and report to our secretariat.
>
> Chairman of the Council of the People's Commissars
> (signed) V. Oulyanov (Lenin)

Instructions to the secretaries followed this document. The curt language and the script's underscorings (represented here by italics) indicate Lenin's impatience and irritation that his order was not carried out (August-September, 1920).

> Secretary Glasser to Lenin:
> Vladimir Ilyich.
> Axelrod has a good translator from English, Moiseyev. Besides the translator Wachs (also from English).

Then from Lenin, three notes to his secretaries:

> [1] Collect all suitable translators and *assign* [double underline] them for every day and *hour* to Fraina to work *with him* [double underline].

[2] NB. Find a translator for Fraina (English). Keep after finding translators (for Fraina) and inform me.

[3] I did not undertake to supply Fraina with stenographers and don't intend to. He needs translators (in spite of those who misinformed you—he needs them *to acquaint* [double underline] him with *Russian literature* [double underline]. I insist upon it. I beg you not to believe Axelrod at all, but *check* [triple underline] in my name the schedule of translators *by the hour* [triple underline].

Since a third of *Proletarian Revolution in Russia* was by Leon Trotsky, it is probable that the present Russian editors never saw the book. What, then, did they conclude were the "useful works" by Fraina to which Lenin referred?

Drawing upon my own sources of information, I know that Fraina discussed with Lenin Daniel DeLeon's *Two Pages from Roman History* published in New York in 1915. Lenin became interested in the book and wrote to Bukharin:

Comrade Bukharin—

In my opinion *The Two Pages from Roman History* by DeLeon must be issued in Russian with a preface and commentaries by Fraina. I, too, will write a few words.

If you agree, give orders to the State Publishing House. If not we will talk about it.

This letter appears here in *Innostrannya Literatura* without Bukharin's name. But his name was attached to it when it was first printed in the magazine *Zhisn* (No. 1, 1924). (It was not printed in the early editions of *Lenin's Correspondence and Notes*, but appeared subsequently in one of the five additional volumes issued in 1957: 4th ed., vol. 36, p. 486.)

Clearly Lenin would not have asked for English translators of DeLeon's book. Nevertheless, for lack of better information, the editors of *Innostrannya Literatura* attribute Lenin's directive "to all People's Commissars" to find translators for Fraina to the above letter to Bukharin. "The book," say the editors, "did not appear in Russian. The State Publishing House did not carry out the order."

The editors then devote a whole page to Fraina. They observe that "Lenin was apparently acquainted with Fraina's articles in *The Revolutionary Age* and his large work *Revolutionary Socialism*." They quote approvingly from Fraina's speeches at the Second Congress of the Comintern when, "in the presence of V. I. Ilyich, he sharply opposed

Zinoviev and Radek, and later the Dutch and German 'leftists.'" They refer for further information to Numbers 5, 7, 8 and 10 of the *Journal of the Communist International*. From their final reference to Fraina, I quote:

> The weekly paper of the Propaganda League, *The Revolutionary Age*, was published in Boston under the editorship of Comrade Fraina, who was a Marxist and remained true to the Marxist point of view till the end in that time of unrest. . . . After 1920 Fraina did not actively participate in the party press.

Louis Fraina left the Communist Party in 1922. There is no indication in the above account that Fraina wrote on social and economic problems under the name of Lewis Corey or that in later years he became an active anti-Communist writer.

Literates Abroad

[1]*The Dream of Arcadia: American Writers and Artists in Italy*: 1760-1915. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1958. $4.50.

Traveling with the Innocents Abroad: Mark Twain's Original Reports from Europe and the Holy Land. Edited by Daniel Morley McKeithan. University of Oklahoma Press, 1958. $5.00.

The Art of Travel: Scenes and Journeys in America, England, France, and Italy from the Travel Writings of Henry James. Edited and with an Introduction by Morton Dauwen Zabel. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1958. $5.50.

The Image of Europe in Henry James. By Christof Wegelin. Southern Methodist University Press, 1958. $4.50.

The nineteenth century, as we are often told, was the golden age of travel. No doubt the statement sometimes contains its part of nostalgia, but by and large it is based on fact. For Americans traveling to Europe and for the English traveling on the Continent there did occur, in the middle decades of the century, an unusually favorable balance between facility of travel itself and a positive, receptive attitude on the part of the traveler. It was possible for people of average means to reach easily spots that were prepared to receive them comfortably and cheaply and which yet had not been so overrun by vast numbers of tourists as to lose all freshness or so repeatedly and amply reported (this was the era "before

the diffusion of photography and chatter," in James's phrase) as to have lost all power to surprise. Also in the matter of the spirit in which the traveler undertook his journey, the mid-nineteenth century achieved a healthy but precarious balance between too-little and too-much. The point may be illustrated with reference to the patterns of English and American travel in Italy.

The eighteenth-century Englishman who visited Italy as the climax of the Grand Tour (he is the common ancestor of both the English and the American traveler of later years) responded to a comparatively narrow range of values, being interested almost exclusively in the remains of classical antiquity, painting of the High Renaissance and its immediate succession in Bologna and elsewhere, and in a more or less fixed array of scenic and architectural wonders. The content of the Grand Tour, as well as the prescribed attitudes toward it, persisted throughtout the century, and the individual traveler often reacted to this state of affairs with boredom, or indifference, or downright churlishness. Then, in the decades following 1815, the old molds were broken. At the same time that travel became easier, there was a rapidly increasing access of knowledge of Italian art of the early Renaissance and the middle ages, and the political fortunes of the Italian people made them and their lives the objects of sympathetic interest to the English or American traveler. For a brief period, from say the 1830's through the 1860's, it must have been for these travelers as if they were the first explorers of a land, and a heritage, that had been all but unknown before they came. But sooner or later the new attitudes themselves began to take on the rigidity of stereotype. It no longer seemed to matter much whether one had looked at Fra Angelico before being told to do so by Ruskin, and there were fewer and fewer places where one could escape the presence of "one's detested fellow-pilgrim." The golden age of travel was over, and its demise was marked by a flood of self-conscious publications—"Tuscan By-ways," "Sienese Hours"—which travestied and cheapened the very values which they so earnestly desired to consecrate.

Yet although the mid-nineteenth-century traveler may have had all the best of it—and of course not only in Italy—later generations have not been noticeably willing to give up travel simply because they could not hope to recapture an earlier ease of condition and freshness of attitude. Henry James looked back enviously on the era just before his own, meanwhile traveling eagerly and indefatigably almost until the end of his life. And for us today who envy James many an area and quality of experience that were accessible to him but have since vanished, it is still possible to read his evocations of the places he knew *not* just as accounts

of places we can never hope to see but precisely for the aid they give us in deepening our insight into the spirit of those places as they remain to us. Every generation gives Venice up for lost, but it will have to undergo changes more cataclysmic than any that have befallen it yet before *The Wings of the Dove* has nothing to tell us about the city *we* know, as well as about the city James knew.

The four books which claim our attention here are highly varied in kind, but they have in common a central bearing on the experience of the nineteenth-century American traveler, primarily in Europe. In point of the span of time covered, and the number of travelers presented, Van Wyck Brooks's *The Dream of Arcadia* has the widest scope. In it Mr. Brooks offers a panorama of the experience, activities, and aspirations of the American writers and artists who made the pilgrimage to Italy, beginning with Benjamin West's arrival in Rome in 1860 and coming down, in a sketchy and somewhat disapproving final chapter, to our own time. By far the larger part of his book is devoted to nineteenth-century figures, and this is what we should expect. The method of presentation is the one we are familiar with from the five volumes of the *Makers and Finders* series. The host of individual figures and groups of figures have been searched out and studied in the records where they now have their existence, and each has been trimmed and tidied to fit smoothly into his assigned place in Mr. Brooks's carefully constructed, almost organically life-like representation of a certain area of cultural history. Readers who are already interested in the subject may feel that the pageant moves along too briskly, that there are episodes over which they would have liked to linger, places where they might have liked more explicit attention by the author to the *meaning* of the phenomena which are chronicled with such lively detail. But as anyone knows who has investigated the intricately criss-crossing biographical records which are the sources of our knowledge of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century habits of taste as reflected in travel, the amount of tempting detail is overwhelming, and such a book as this represents a triumph of organizing power and literary skill.

It is an interesting book even when read simply as a chronicle. Once the trip to Italy had been firmly established, by about 1825, as a source for the life of the spirit, the majority of our writers and artists went there: sculptors like Horatio Greenough and Hiram Powers; painters like Thomas Cole, George Inness, and Thomas Hicks; and, with a few such notable exceptions as Thoreau and Emily Dickinson, virtually all the writers, from Irving, Cooper, and Longfellow to Hawthorne, Howells, the Jameses, F. Marion Crawford, and Edith Wharton down to the

present. Occupying a prominent position in the picture is William Wetmore Story, celebrated in his day both as a sculptor and as a writer but more interesting to a later age because of Henry James's sympathetic and evocative but penetrating analysis, in *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*, of the way in which the charm, the ease, and the fullness of life in Italy could operate for the artist and writer as a delusion and a betrayal.

Ultimately it is as a chapter in the history of taste that *The Dream of Arcadia* is most profitably read. It is a chapter in which sound taste has its triumphs, as for example in the story of James Jackson Jarves and the keen, knowing eye which enabled him to form the collection of paintings now at Yale. By and large, the story of the cultivated English or American traveler in Italy in the mid-nineteenth century is the story of men and women who, to their everlasting credit, *looked* at whatever was there to be seen, and who read Italian literature and history, including the history of art, so that they knew what they were looking at. But the detailed story of the taste of the time contains its warnings, too. Hawthorne "despaired of expressing his admiration for the Venus de' Medici." Bostonians were "delighted by the womanly modesty of Harriet Hosmer's 'Zenobia,'" a work produced under the full benefit of the Italian spell, "and they earnestly studied the admixture of Oriental and Grecian in the sculptured costume of the ancient sovereign." We smile at the serene admiration for aesthetic values which were held to be unquestionable, or at the particular forms taken by eclecticism or enthusiasm, as when we read that in the 1840's "many of the sculptors created by borrowing a hand here, a torso there or a bit of drapery from some figure in the Vatican, where the sculptures were shown in the evening by torchlight. The sudden flare brought out the expression of the statues and the contrasts of light and shade in a very striking manner, and the figures seemed to start into life before one." Such accounts exhibit the aesthetic habits of an earlier time without indulgence, but they suggest that we should look at our own habits and enthusiasms in the same way. We too have our aids to appreciation, our methods for startling the sluggish vision into awareness: our habit of floodlighting monuments at night, for example, or the cult of the color-plate and the inflated treasuries of often subtly misleading reproductions which it has produced.

The most striking and forthright method of dealing with all the silliness and gush, the second-hand enthusiasm and the falsified values, was the method so vigorously adopted by Mark Twain when he arrived on the European scene in 1867 as a member of the cruise of the *Quaker City* to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land. In the fifty letters he sent

to the *Daily Alta California*, a San Francisco newspaper, and the eight letters written for New York papers—letters which with revision and rearrangement became *The Innocents Abroad*—he fell back cheerfully on his own ignorance of most of the matters that formed the subject-matter for the "tedious travelled parrots" who had for so long been sending back reports from "worn-out and written-out Europe." His major contention was that these travel writers knew little or nothing about the scenes and works of art they described so fulsomely, and that by being frank about his own ignorance he could expose theirs. "The people who go into ecstacies over St. Sophia get them out of the guide book. . . . Or else they are these old-master worshippers from the wilds of New Jersey, who can't tell a fresco from lath-and-plaster, and don't know any more about pictures than a kangaroo does about astronomy." It was his pretension that he saw freely, without preconceived notions, with his own eyes. Yet this particular freedom, ironically enough, lands him back in bondage to the old eighteenth-century patterns of prejudice and ignorance. Except that his letters are always so furiously lively, and sometimes so funny, so full of good-natured relish as he goes about his task of assuring West Coast readers that they're better off at home, we might be reading another book like those in which Samuel Sharp, or the Earl of Cork, or Smollett undertook to de-bunk the Grand Tour a hundred years earlier.

It may not have been much of a service he rendered the readers of the *Daily Alta California*, confirming them in their ignorance and assuring them that life, anywhere but in America, was dirty, idle, and corrupt, and that there was much less than met the eye in "the inspired fire-screens of the old masters." But despite the ignorance, the vulgarity, and the everlasting habit of grinning through the horse-collar, the result is quite a book. (Just possibly a better book than *The Innocents Abroad*, not merely because the letters were considerably toned down for the book, but also because their ebullient spirit is better served when they are presented with the rough and ready air of journalism than when they were converted into a self-conscious literary production.) "What a funny old city this Queen of the Adriatic is!" he exclaims at the beginning of a letter from Venice, and we have to admit that a new note has been struck. What he sees, he sees well. Like the eighteenth-century writers, he has an eye for Pompeii: an eye, in fact, for *anything* that he is not afraid of being caught admiring. (Except for some of his set-pieces, such as the descriptions of the grounds at Versailles or the Duomo at Milan, where he stops being iconoclastic long enough to prove that he too has an eye for beauty—when it can be measured by the acre or

the ton.) The travel-writers are few and far between who can match the expressiveness with which he describes the tall houses in the narrow streets of Naples, or the excitement he communicates in his account of stealing ashore at night from the quarantined ship to visit the Acropolis. If somebody had only been able to tell him what a fresco was, he might not have had to suffer so noisily from the itching suspicion that he didn't really know. But no one would want to change these letters for one more sedate, well-informed book of nineteenth-century travel.

For Mark Twain, at least at the time of the voyage of the *Quaker City*, travel was little more than the occasion for a gesture of petulance. For Henry James it was the condition that provided his life with much of its most intense and characteristic interest. There is a moving passage in *A Small Boy and Others*, not so often quoted as it deserves to be, in which he looks back on himself as a small boy "dawdling and gaping" on the way home from school in the New York of the 1850's, and stopping in particular to peer through the iron-rails of a "country place" on the northeast corner of Eighteenth Street for a glimpse of the "browsing and pecking and parading creatures" within:

> I watch the small boy dawdle and gape again, I smell the cold dusty paint and iron as the rails . . . rub his contemplative nose, and, feeling him foredoomed, withhold from him no grain of my sympathy. He is a convenient little image or warning of all that was to be for him, and he might well have been even happier than he was. For there was the very pattern and measure of all he was to demand: just to *be* somewhere—almost anywhere would do—and somehow receive an impression or an accession, feel a relation or a vibration.

In *The Art of Travel*, we follow James's development as a traveler through a selection of the essays he wrote expressly for newspapers and magazines, from 1870 to 1900, plus a number of excerpts from *The American Scene*, the book in which he recorded his impressions of his native land on returning to it, in 1904, after being away for twenty-one years. There is scarcely a page that does not support a contention which must have occurred to many of his readers in other connections, that he was simply the best, the most intelligently responsive, and the most judicious traveler of modern times. He had in supreme degree the power not only to *receive* impressions but also to be analytically aware of what properties gave them their interest, constituted their essence, so that he was able to re-evoke them with the most telling economy and rightness of detail. How well he discriminates, for example, the exact points at which Quebec's "old-world tone" falters and lets the traveler down, as it merges in the all-too-familiar tone of the new world and its institutions.

How often he makes articulates the little daily experiences and sensations of travel which for most travelers remain inarticulate: as for example when he recalls wandering up and down the streets of Assisi for a couple of hours:

> I remember edging along the sunless side of the small mouldy houses and pausing very often to look at nothing in particular. It was all very hot, very hushed, very resignedly but very persistently old. A wheeled vehicle in such a place is an event, and the *forestiero's* interrogative tread in the blank sonorous lanes has the privilege of bringing the inhabitants to their doorways.

The great themes find him no less responsive and capable. As when he ventures to say what it is about Venice, for example:

> All the splendour of light and colour, all the Venetian air and the Venetian history are on the walls and ceilings of the palaces; and all the genius of the masters, all the images and visions they have left upon canvas seem to tremble in the sunbeams and dance upon the waves. That is the perpetual interest of the place—that you live in a certain sort of knowledge as in a rosy cloud.

So much so, as he goes on to say, that it is painful to think back on it—

> painful because in the memory of vanished hours so filled with beauty the consciousness of present loss oppresses. Exquisite hours, enveloped in light and silence, to have known them once is to have always a terrible standard of enjoyment.

As Mr. Zabel points out in his Introduction to *The Art of Travel*, "it was more than sketches he made of his travels. He made tales and novels of them as well." His travels, of course, eventually became expatriation, and readers of little faith are still inclined to credit the old assumption that to live for so long away from America was inevitably to lose touch with his own country as well as to fail of acquiring a native's knowledge of England, of Europe. "I know what I am about," James wrote in a letter of 1878, "and I have always my eyes on my native land." Can anyone who has really read James *doubt* that he knew what he was about, that his enormously acute powers of perception and analysis would have prevented him from ever floundering in self-indulgent illusion as to the social and moral phenomena that interested him? Mr. Wegelin's book, *The Image of Europe in Henry James*, explores James's use of international contrasts throughout his career, but with fullest emphasis on the exact patterns of significance which emerge from the three great novels of 1902-1904. He is concerned to release James's later novels from the constriction of interpretations which view

them as built on a simple polarity of American innocence and European experience, on a simple "opposition of 'cultural' and 'moral' values."

He sees *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl* as forming both a trilogy and a progression.

> In these three novels . . . he analyzed the awareness which the social conflict between Europe and America brings to various representatives of either side. *The Ambassadors* traces the growth of such awareness in the mind of an American, *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl* . . . in the representatives of the European order as well. "The consequences of the cosmopolite spirit," he had written [in an essay of 1878], is to initiate you into the merits of all peoples." And what stands out in these late works is the idealization of different kinds of merit: of social beauty in Madame de Vionnet, of a high spiritual beauty in Milly Theale, and of their fusion in the marriage of Maggie Verver and the Roman Prince in *The Golden Bowl*.

In *The Ambassadors* Strether is converted to a belief in the values represented by his picture of Madame de Vionnet, to an "awareness that there is a virtue which cannot be measured by the bundle of moral 'notions with which he started from home.'" In *The Wings of the Dove*, the direction of the conversion is reversed, with Densher finally drawing the lesson from his contrasted relations with Milly and Kate that "for 'daily decency' the well-oiled social mechanism of which [he and Kate] have been part needs something 'beyond and above' itself." And *The Golden Bowl* is "the drama of a double conversion and finally achieved harmony, . . . the mutual interfusion of two virtues—of the discipline of Maggie's spiritual energy by Amerigo's form, the quickening penetration of his form by her spirit. . . ."

Such concise summary does no kind of justice to Mr. Wegelin's closely worked yet always lucid and helpful essay. For one who has just been reading the travel essays with the relish they deserve, it is a shock to find James referring to them, in a phrase which Mr. Wegelin quotes from a letter of 1903, as "little, worthless, superficial, poncif articles." They are much more than that, they are among the most acute, diverting, and evocative travel essays ever written. Yet when we consider, as we do in reading Mr. Wegelin's book, the profundity and beauty of the ultimate purposes to which James turned the knowledge he had acquired from his long devotion to "the art of travel," we can understand that there was, after all, a point of view from which he was entitled to look back with contempt on these earlier productions, delightful as we shall continue to find them in their own right.

University of Michigan —Herbert Barrows

Ten Pounds of Travel Guides

The Poor Man's Guide to Europe. By David Dodge. Random House, Revised Edition, 1958. $3.50.

Where to Stay, Eat, and Shop in Western Europe. By Norman D. Ford. Harian, 1958. $2.

Festivals Europe. By Robert Meyer, Jr. Washburn, 1954. $4.00.

Seeing Europe with Young People. By Mary Parker. Prentice Hall, 1957. $3.95.

Abroad and Abroad. By Harvey S. Olson. Lippincott, Fourth Edition, 1958. $4.95.

Go It Alone, Lady! By Edith Patterson Meyer. Harper, 1957. $3.50.

Woman's Guide to Europe. Edited by Eugene Fodor. McKay, Revised Edition, 1957. $4.50.

The Men's Guide to Europe. Edited by Eugene Fodor. McKay, 1955. $4.50.

Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe. By Temple Fielding. Sloane, 1958-59 Edition. $4.95.

Ten pounds of travel guides. You can't take them with you, not on that forty-four-pound tourist flight, nor wisely by ship. But if you are going abroad, you will want to know what to look for, and what to look out for. Details of documents, tipping, customs, transportation, hotels, shopping, where to go and what to see—such are the subjects diligently pursued by all travel guides. Most of them adopt a jolly "so you're going to Europe" tone. Cozy, arch, flippant, or serious, all these authors are trying to give you the same information. How well they do it depends on their knowledge of European travel, their ability to organize their material, and finally on the clarity of their style. If you read before you go, you can fill a notebook—your own travel guide—with the things you want to do and see.

The Poor Man's Guide to Europe is gay and light, personalized, and fun to read. David Dodge's particular slant is currency exchange, or how to come out ahead. He gives a number of suggestions on hard and soft money, and writes amusingly of his own adventures with—and without—money. His is the voice of experience on the subject of European hotel bathrooms, their cost, kind, and location.

This is a travel book rather than a guide and makes enjoyable reading whether or not the reader has any intention of going to Europe. The

Dodges were frequently off the beaten path. There is a gay story, for example, about wife Elva's driving her own car sightseeing in Zagreb. Mr. Dodge's advice to learn a little of the language is illustrated with anecdotes of his own struggles and successes. The experiences of his eleven-year-old daughter, Kendal, add an unusual dimension.

Where to Stay, Eat and Shop in Western Europe is the book of lists. Some people resist tours outlined by days, but if you want itineraries set out for you, here they are. This book is inexpensive, light to carry, paperbacked. It has a comprehensive star system for rating hotels and restaurants, but you may find some of your own favorites not listed. Its tone is somewhat dictatorial: "From the Gare du Nord follow Blvd. Adolphe Max to the Anspach monument where, two blocks to the right, stand . . .," or, "From the church, Rue de Ligne will bring you to the Congress Column . . . climb it . . . and. . . ." One reaction is to say, "Climb it yourself, Mr. Ford," and see Europe in your own way.

Festivals Europe is an excellent reference work of hundreds of festivals in twenty-one countries. Included are customs and traditions, history, cultural events, winter sports, air shows, tennis matches, races, fairs, carnivals, religious and patriotic celebrations, music, dance, drama, and film festivals, flower and farm shows, and Parliament openings. If you are interested in some of these (and who isn't?), list them for yourself from the book, by the countries and season of your visit abroad, and check dates after your arrival. This is a book to stay on the shelf at home, but very useful for planning an itinerary to reflect your individual interests in festivals and special events. The book is well-organized for easy reference. There are photographs.

The title, *Seeing Europe with Young People*, refers to children under twelve, although the last half of the book is devoted to "Follow Your Hobby to Europe" and seems addressed to adults. The various points of view (historical, legendary, artistic, etc.) make the second section unusual and interesting. Sometimes the organization leads to confusion, as when Rome, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa are called the four outstanding historical cities in Italy, leaving Florence to appear later in the chapter on art. There are odd changes in style and content. Part Three is brief but gives useful addresses for the traveler. Mrs. Parker calls attention to the old-world charm of the bells of Europe, a special pleasure for Americans, and something Europeans often miss greatly in the United States.

The first four chapters of *Abroad and Abroad* especially reflect Mr. Olson's own experience in a "professional" travel career. In some ways, his is too much the travel agent's point of view, "The first trip should never be an independent tour, go First Class if you possibly can, travel

everywhere the same class." For some personalities, independence is important, First Class is dull, and part of the adventure is a luxurious hotel one night, a "mission" (*Alkoholfrei*) hotel another, and an ordinary commercial travelers' hotel the next.

Mr. Olson gives excellent descriptions of ship lines and a good reading list as part of trip-preparation. The large print of his comments on restaurants are a relief, although costs are not as clearly defined as in some small-print guides. There is an appendix of festivals and a good index. The summaries of sights to see are well-written and cover many off-beat localities in addition to the usual tourist cities.

In *Go It Alone, Lady!* Mrs. Meyer sticks to her point of view consistently and effectively. The information on costs is sensible and specific, but all three of her plans, budgeted, middle and liberal, apply to the expenditures of a mature woman. This is not a book for the young and gay. Mrs. Meyer groups countries in three areas and writes intelligently of what to see, avoiding too many details. "What Shall I take?" includes a careful list of incidentals and should be of real aid to the novice traveler. Her last two chapters, particularly "Home Again," give a finished effect missing from other guide books, plus a feeling for the continuing pleasure and benefit from a European trip.

Woman's Guide to Europe contains a series of articles by a variety of writers who appear to know what they are talking about. The prevailing mood is light and readable, but the book is crammed with helpful information. You will particularly like the specifics on shopping and the chapter, "Cook's Tour Retraced," which includes menus and recipes from each country. The ingredients for some of these might be difficult to come by (where does one buy twelve cocks' combs?), but as the author admits, only a madly determined or expert cook would attempt some of these recipes. Others are quite possible, and all of them make delectable reading.

There is an amusing sketch on "The European Male—Different Approach, Same Old Object," and the gentlemen appear in a number of other chapters. The book begins with a condensation of "everything you need to know" and includes chapters on twenty-one different countries, including capsule information in small type.

The Men's Guide to Europe is written by men and for men. Like the *Woman's Guide* and other Fodor guides, it is well-organized for finding what you want and easily readable when you have found it. With basic information grouped in the first hundred and fifty pages, the remaining five hundred pages are divided into sections which give special information, plus a general feeling of bonhomie.

The chapter titles are indicative of the spread of manly interests:

"Hints for Camera Fans," "The Gastronomic Grand Tour," "The Ancient Art of Drinking," "The Guzzler's Guide," "Entertainment Fair," "Europe by Night," etc. There are other chapters on jazz, hunting and fishing, golf, baseball, fox hunting, dogs, skin diving, tennis, motor racing, sailing, winter sports, mountain climbing, bull fighting, native sports, and business. Each chapter opens with an authoritative article on the overall subject and then gives names and places for enjoying that particular activity in each country.

The chapter on "Europe's Women" is, as might be expected, written with a "come on" spirit that should not only increase the sale of the *Guide*, but increase the number of males traveling to Europe. Country by country, it is complete with manners and customs of relations between the sexes and comes as close to providing full "do it yourself" instructions as the editor's broad taste allows.

Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe is one of the best. It gives you the feeling (and it is a fact) that Fielding has been there, spent his own money, and is doing his best to advise you. Only occasionally does his writing give the impression that he is trying just a bit too hard.

He is specific and accurate in his recommendations and travel tips: take sun glasses, extra spectacles, a Zippo lighter (no other), money clip (for large European bills), Janie Spot Cleaner (push-up stick, not liquid), soap container and one bar of soap, extra passport photos, small tape measure.

Airline baggage allowances are too low for long trips or bringing back purchases from abroad. "When bound for the airport, stuff your pockets with shaving cream, hair tonic, and the heaviest items you can find . . . tie up the sleeves of your coat and fill up the arms. . . . Then, just before you weigh in, throw all your coats over your shoulders, so that you are technically 'wearing' them."

Fielding gives names, addresses and prices for everything he recommends: hotels, restaurants, purchases. And when Fielding recommends something, he has no hesitancy in saying why it is the best. The B-4 bag for air travel, Hartmann Skymate for ship, Underwood portable typewriter. Typical of his forthright advice: "Most of Belfast's hostelries are grim and depressing. We strongly recommend that you consider two hotels only . . . the Midland . . . the Grand Central. Our top vote in the Belfast area goes to the tiny and charming Old Inn at Crawfordsburn, twelve miles out."

It is the same with shopping. Books? Shoes? Men's furnishings? Men's hats? Silks? There is the name and address of one store, Fielding's "best."

All in all, Fielding's is a good, readable, accurate travel guide to Europe. If it smacks of the personal preferences of one man, what else should a good book do? At any rate, the man has been there and makes his living by knowing what he is talking about.

There are dozens more travel guides, including ones on individual countries. *Guide Michelin* is the outstanding guide to hotels and restaurants in France. Nothing can supplant it. A money converter (such as Richard Joseph's or Fielding's) helps you decide on how much money to buy before entering a new country and saves time in keeping expense accounts for business travel claims or tax deduction.

If you choose a guidebook to take with you, learn to use it and stick with it. There is a lavish supply of free tourist literature and up-to-date hotel guides in Europe. Most important will be that notebook you have filled during your reading at home.

Travel guides are no substitute for a study of the history, literature, and art of the country you are visiting. Your most pleasant memories may be the little things of daily living: the huge, clean windows of Holland, the blue, blue skies of Italy and Greece, the Danish ladies smoking cigars, the beautifully dressed children of poorly dressed mothers, the way nearly everyone speaks English "a little," the evenly spaced big trees along the roads of France, the quick differences in architecture across each border, the heavy, handsome hardware on windows in Holland and Switzerland, the many languages on the radio, the characteristic foods of different countries, the variety of methods in making coffee and the various results, the gentle winter and the very late spring. And the friendly, kindly people.

Antioch College —Priscilla Couillard

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Antioch Press, Yellow Springs, Ohio; Managing Editor and Business Manager, Paul H. Rohmann, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) The Antioch Press, a department of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

(Signed) Paul H. Rohmann
Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1958.

(Signed) Henry Dyer
Notary Public, Greene County, Ohio

(My commission expires December 31, 1960)

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